

Madden (S.)

K BOULTER's Monument.

A

Panegyrical P O E M,

Sacred to the

M E M O R Y

Of That Great and Excellent

P R E L A T E and P A T R I O T,

The Most Reverend

Dr. H U G H B O U L T E R ;

Late Lord Archbishop of ARDMAGH, and
Primate of ALL IRELAND.

*Nunc Ego (namque super tibi erunt, qui dicere Laudes,
Vare, tuas cupiant, & tristia condere Fata)
Agrestem tenui meditabor Arundine Musam.
Non injussa cano: si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
Captus Amore leget; Te nostræ, Vare, Myricæ,
Te Nemus omne canet; nec Phæbo gratiор ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit Pagina Nomen.
Pergite, Pierides!*

VIRG. Ecl. 6.

L O N D O N :

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M D C C X L V.





To His ROYAL HIGHNESS
F R E D E R I C K,
 Prince of WALES.



REAT SIR, Let others in high Numbers
 False * *Gallia* sinking, and her trembling
 The banner'd Pomp of War, th' imbattled
 Of Hosts contending for the doubtful Day : 4
 The thick-throng'd Troops impaling round the Field ;
 Spear clash'd with Spear, and Shield oppos'd to Shield :

* This was written some Months after the Battle of Dettingen.





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The raging Conflict thund'ring thro' the Plain ;
 The Storms of missive Fire, the Heaps of Slain :
 The Trumpet's Clangor, and the mingled Groan
 Of Legions slaughter'd, and of *France* o'erthrown. 10

LET them describe BRITANNIA's Monarch arm'd,
 And Hosts resounding, by his Ardour warm'd :
 How fix'd they stood, to conquer, or to die ;
 Fierce, fir'd by Fame, and His inspiring Eye :
 How, when lost *Europe* fear'd the menac'd Chain :
 Seas, Rivers, Hills, oppos'd his Course in vain : 16
 How *Dettingen* grew red with prostrate Foes,
 Where a new *Oudenard* to Glory rose :
 Where in *French* Blood first CUMBERLAND was dy'd ;
 And CLAYTON fell — *Fame* weeping by his Side :
 While the gorg'd *Mayne*, within its sanguin'd Waves,
 Swallows the Rout of *Gallia*'s vanquish'd Slaves ; 21

Rolls Heaps on Heaps ; and to glad *Ocean* shews
 The Carnage of his favourite **ALBION'S** Foes.

UNEQUAL to such Scenes, where *Britons*, led
 By **GEORGE**, climb o'er the Mountains of the Dead ;
 My peaceful Song, in Lays instructive, paints 26
 The First of Mitred Peers, and *Britain's* Saints :
 That, while his Name emblazons ev'ry Page,
 And his fair Model forms the rising Age,
 Men in this Mirrour may true Glory see, 30
 And emulate His Worth — or copy **THEE** !

OH PRINCE ! ordain'd the Splendour of thy Race,
 With Deeds transcending ancient Times, to grace !
 Whose Graudeur ought to strike Presumption dumb ;
 Whose Goodness makes my Vows accepted come ! 35

Thou, whose diffusive Pity wide extends,
 Restores the Ruin'd, and the Good befriends ;
 Whose Love, like *Ocean* circling *Albion* round,
 Supplies those Streams that quench the thirsty Ground !
 While o'er the Realm thy living Bounties shine, 40
 And make the Woes of all the Wretched Thine !
 Forgive the Muse, that, from the World retir'd,
 Breaks out, with BOULTER's matchless Merit fir'd ;
 Resolv'd to shew how high true Worth may tow'r,
 Warm'd by *his* Zeal, or cherish'd by *Thy* Pow'r, 45
 To paint the beamy Charms that *Virtue* crown,
 And, veil'd in *his* bright Portrait, draw *Thine own* !

NOR write I now Your Glory to emblaze ;
 Vain Task ! where All promiscuous sound Your Praise :
 Your just Applause revolving Years renew, 50
 Echo'd by Nations lov'd, and loving You !

And

And *my* slight Lincs augment Your Fame, no more
 Than Rains those Seas that wash fair *A^bbion's* Shore.
 My Views, like Yours, aspire to mend Mankind ;
 Improve each Grace, and aggrandize the Mind ; 55
 To kindle in our Breasts celestial Fires ;
 To animate the Heart to great Desires ;
 To make the Love of Heav'n-born Deeds controul
 The meaner Passions of th' exalted Soul ;
 Till *Britons*, rous'd, their native Worth resume, 60
 And match th' illustrious Sons of *Greece* and *Rome*.

OH then ! (in *Virtue's* sacred Name I sue,
 Who *stints* to others what she *heaps* on You)
 Indulge, G R E A T P R I N C E, the *vain*, but *honest* Aim,
 To point to Men the Paths of gen'rous Fame ; 65
 Vouchsafe the well-meant Labour to befriend,
 Nor let the Errors of my Zeal offend :

Tho' Faults there be, who dare those Faults arraign?
 Where *Princes* pardon, *Rigour* dooms in vain.
 Preside, *Great Judge*, and hear Thy Poet's Cause ; 70
 Oh mitigate the Critick's cruel Laws :
 And where the Muse's Wing appears declin'd,
 Think Few, like *THEE*, can *always* please Mankind !

FROM Thee the Song its Inspiration draws ;
 And only from Thy Sanction hopes Applause : 75
 Smile, then, propitious, on the fond Design,
 And each low Thought shall with new Lustre shine ;
 Each Word, as if it flow'd from Thee, shall charm,
 And, brighten'd by reflected Glories, warm ;
 Shall take new Graces, to the Muse unknown, 80
 And catch the Heart with Beauties not her own !

So, where the Sun, in favour'd Climates glows,
 Each meaner Flow'r with double Fragrance blows ;

Each

Each Fruit more luscious swells; the Earth refines;
 He turns the sluggish Glebe to golden Mines; 85
 And, by th' exalted Influence of his Beams,
 The kindling Crystal a bright Diamond gleams.

BENIGNLY, then, GREAT PRINCE, the Verse
 [receive; And, gracious, bid again my BOULTER live:
 So mayst Thou Thousands of such Subjects find, 90
 To serve their Country, and the World, inclin'd;
 To rise the publick Blessings of Thine Isle;
 To wake the Arts, and bid fair Science smile;
 To ease the Widow's Griefs, the Orphan's Wrongs,
 And furnish Deeds for more ennobled Songs, 95
 Till Discontent and Murmur hush'd remain,
 And Envy cease to howl — or howl in vain!

GIVE me! Oh give me, Heav'n! to hail the Day,
 When FREDERICK's Soul shall all its Force display;

When He no more, like * *Julius*, sighing, views 100
 Dead Heroes Honours, but his own pursues ;
 When, great in Arms, as now for Mercy fam'd,
 His Deeds are by deliver'd Realms proclaim'd :
 Then shall the Earth, enfranchis'd, bless his Sword,
 Her Tyrants sunk, her native Rights restor'd ; 105
 While o'er all Seas his Fleets triumphant ride,
 And the Globe pays him Homage ev'ry Tide.

YET, while at home to softer Scenes confin'd,
 To charm AUGUSTA, and befriend Mankind,
 Thou most humane of All whom Heav'n plac'd high !
 Thou Joy of every troubled Heart and Eye ! 111
 Ch born to make the Rage of Discord cease,
 And sooth contending Parties into Peace ;

* Vide Sueton. in *Julio Cæsare*, cap. 7. *Animadversa*
magni Alexandri imagine ingemuit, &c.

To make United *Britons* more rever'd,
 And the joint Thunders of her Senates fear'd; 115
 Teach us to prize the Blessings we possess,
 Nor grudge our Kings should share our Happiness;
 That Faction blast BRITANNIA's Joys no more,
 Where GEORGE and THOU calm Concord shall
 [restore;
 And, while such Princes keep her blest and free, 120
 Still find her grateful to her KING and THEE.

LABOUR Thou Other Hope of *Britain's* State!*
 Silence our Murmurs, and avert our Fate!
 Desire of Nations! lend thine healing Hand!
 Speak! calm the Storms that shake our *Albion's* Land!
 That She, to Pow'r, Arts, Arms, and Freedom born,
 May foreign Tyrants awe, as well as scorn: 127

* *Magna spes altera Romæ.* Virg.

Then

Then shall new BOULTERS dignify the Age,
 And Peace and Joy be BRITAIN's Heritage : 130
 Then shall *true* Genius soar on Wings divine,
 And sing the future Monarchs of Thy Line :
 Whence a long Race of Heroes shall descend,
 Arts, Liberty, and Learning, to befriend ;
 To free the dreaming World from Papal Chains,
 And bless un-number'd Ages with their Reigns ! 135
 E'en now, each Muse, whose Voice is heard no more,
 Amid the War of Tongues, and Party's Roar,
 Shall, thus enraptur'd, sing *Saturnian* Times,
 And make Great GEORGE and FREDERICK swell
 [their Rhimes.

So wearied *Rome*, when good *Augustus* blest, 140
 And sooth'd the Fury of her Sons to Rest,
 To peaceful Quiet charm'd their Feuds and Jars,
 And put a Period to intestine Wars ;

Great

[11]

Great MARO, HORACE, OVID, strung the Lyre,
Till *Rome*, the *Muse*, and *Fame*, could rise no higher.

Samuel Madden.



BOULTER'S

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Boulter's Monument :

A

Panegyrical POEM,

*Sacred to the Memory of the Most Reverend Dr.
HUGH BOULTER, late Lord Archbishop
of Ardmagh, and Primate of All Ireland.*

HALL BOULTER die, and no Memorial
[shew
A Realm in Ruins, and a Church in Woe?
Shall He, to ev'ry Art, and Muse, a Friend,
Neglected to the silent Tomb descend?
Shall no just Trophy, rais'd in grateful Verse,
Survive the 'Scutcheons fading on his Herse? 5

No

No Song his Name from dark Oblivion save,
 And cast a Glory round his holy Grave ?
 Ingratitude affects too rich a Soil
 To root and thrive in this impov'rish'd Isle : 10
 Yet, how exuberant Here that Weed has sprung,
 If, snatch'd from thankless Times, he dies unsung.

Tho' dewy Tears *Hibernia's* Face o'er-run,
 Out-weeping fond * *Aurora* for her Son,
 Forbid it, Heav'n and Earth ! it should suffice, 15
 To read his Merit in *her* gushing Eyes !
 To hear his Worth vouch'd only by her Groans,
 Her Widows Sorrows, and her Orphans Moans !
 Or see it scrawl'd, unnotic'd, on the Tomb, 19
 Slumb'ring, where Temples cast their awful Gloom !

* *Luctibus est Aurora suis intenta, piisque
 Nunc quoque dat lachrymas, & toto rorat in orbe.*
 Ovid. lib. 16. ver. 621.

Ah !

Ah! no, lov'd Isle! to grace This Patriot's Fall,
 Th' attendant Muses should support the Pall.
 Let not *One* Age engross the virtuous Woe,
 Thro' *Time*, the propagated Tear should flow:
 Late Days th' hereditary Grief should share, 25
 The *Father's* Debt incumb'ring ev'ry *Heir*.

BUT where's the *Bard*? — My ¹ CONGREVE is no
 [more! —
 Good ² SOUTHERNE slights the Laurel-Wreath he wore!
³ STEELE's social Hand no longer strings my Lyre!
 And scarce ⁴ SWIFT's Ashes shew the smother'd Fire!
 Others we boast — tho' *most* have poorly sold 31
 The Love of *Glory*, for degrading *Gold*!

^{1 2 3 4} These Four are only mention'd, as they flourish'd together, and were born and educated in Ireland, and are a Credit and Honour to that Kingdom. Of many other distinguishb'd Writers, as they are now living, I need only say in the Words of Quintillian, on the same Subject, Sunt clari, hodieque & qui olim nominabuntur. *Instit. Orat.* lib. 10. & cap. 9.

Have bow'd the suppliant Knee to *Mammon* long ;
 And quit, for gainful *Prose*, the Heav'n-born Song.

THUS, when her Course the tempting Metal crost,
 The glorious Race swift *Atalanta* lost. 36

SINCE Fate, or Wealth, have thinn'd the tuneful
 [Quire,
 What vent'rous Hand shall seize the vacant Lyre ?
 Dare Men *unpractis'd*, or * *unskill'd*, to sing,
 To modulate the Voice, or strike the String ? 40
 Presume the Weight of *such* a Name to try,
 And prop this Ark, like *Uzzah*, tho' they dic ?
 Mean Spirits, when such lofty Themes they chuse,
 Disgrace the *Verse*, and desecrate the *Muse* ;
 While, like dull Clouds, gilt by the Ev'ning Ray, 45
 They seem to *brighten*, yet *obscure*, the Day.

* Some very ordinary Poems were publish'd on his Death.

NONE, but *Praxiteles* of Art divine,
 Should the majestic Deities design :
 No trivial Sculptors can such Works sustain ;
 They make the *Worshipper* the God disdain ! 50
 The Breaths of languid Genius vainly strive
 To keep the Flame of BOULTER's Pyre alive ;
 Which, blown by mighty Winds, would, blazing,
 [spread,
 And raise to Heav'n the Splendour of the Dead.
 For This *All* Talents should in *One* unite ; 55
 How BOULTER *liv'd*, a LITTLETON should write :
 His Master-Hand demands to draw This *Saint* ;
 None, but *Apelles* should young *Ammon* paint.

HENCE ! ye Profane ones, then ! nor once pretend
 To touch those Subjects which your Skill transcend !
 By no *rash* Bards be *His* Great Actions crown'd ! 61
 Bare be your Feet ! for This is Holy Ground !

Depart! — Or, near his Shrine with Reverence tread !
 Unhallow'd Numbers but *insult* the Dead !
 Hope not amid ethereal Fields to sail, 65
 Where e'en the strong-wing'd Eagle's Pinions fail !
 In vain you'd leap the Bounds which *Nature* drew ;
 Th' eternal Bounds 'twixt *Excellence* and *You* !

A GAINST the Glass, thus, some imprison'd Fly,
 Darting, mistakes the *Window* for the *Sky* : 70
 The little Wretch, exerting All its Force,
 Thinks *Phæbus* aids and guides his headlong Course :
 Till, stunn'd, he sinks — he beats the Crystal Wall ;
 And by aspiring, but *insures* his Fall.

YET, struck with BOULTER's Charms, to Danger
 [blind,
 The Love of *Virtue* rushes on my Mind ! 76

And,

And, could I to his Worth *One* Trophy found,
 Or, in *One* Page, preserve his Name renown'd,
 For all the Good redounding from his Store ;
 For ev'ry Wish he form'd to bleſs us more ; 80
 For ev'ry Virtue which his Life adorn'd ;
 For all the Honours he possess'd, and *scorn'd* ;
 Suff'ring for *Him*, all Censure I'd despise ;
 And joyful *fall*, to lift *Him* to the Skies !

THEN, rouse, my Soul ! While *Love* and *Wonder*
 The Song ; less abject by *His* Virtues made : 86
 [aid
 Tho' chill'd and spiritless, the Numbers run,
 Cold Glass can *burn*, when it transmits the *Sun* :
 And, while thro' These low Strains his Glories gleam,
 The Verse may kindle with the borrow'd Beam : 90
Elisha's Bones could warm the buried Clay,
 And give the Dead, reviv'd, to view the Day.

And *my* faint Genius may new Force assume,
And, animated, spring from BOULTER's Tomb.

HENCE then, mean Fears! for if the languid Tale
Can't o'er *Oblivion*, and the *Grave*, prevail, 96
Yet shall it guard his Relicks, where they sleep ;
And consecrate the Tears that *Kingdoms* weep.
Methinks I feel his *Name* my Numbers raise,
And Beams of Light dart from it thro' my Lays ; 100
It lends *new* Spirit to the Verse ; and brings
His *Worth*, to brighten What his *Poet* sings.]

So when cold *Memnon's* Statue felt the *Sun*,
Th' enliven'd Stone its tuneful Sounds begun.

THEN, Oh! dear Saint, forgive, that I so long
Delay'd the Tribute of this humble Song ! 106
Forgive,

Forgive, that in these rude, unpolish'd Lines,
 When Thy bright Soul 'midst wond'ring Seraphs shines ;
 While *Nations*, pierc'd with Grief, thy Loss deplore,
 And sunk *HIBERNIA* feels thou art no more ! 110
 Forgive, if I *depress* What I would *raise* !
 Forgive, Great Shade ! the *Scandal* of my *Praise* !

By *Poverty* compell'd, the Mother-Maid
 Her Infant in the servile Manger laid :
 Then, Oh ! unable to adorn the Song, 115
 Forgive, if, *thus*, thine humbled Worth I wrong !
 If, *here*, thy matchless Gifts dishonour'd be,
 Impute it to my *Wants*, but not to *Me* !

AND yet, how'er these Lays his Fame deface,
 No abject *Flatt'ry Boulter* shall disgrace : 120
Falshood would *vainly* hope such Heights to scale,
 Where *Truth* can hardly reach, tho' wing'd by *Zeal*.

For BOULTER soars so *distant* from the Sight,
 So steep the *Journey*, and the *Track* so *bright*,
 We tremble at the dang'rous Flights we try, 125
 Nor dare the dizzy Regions of the Sky.

A while, from far, with *Transport*, we survey
 His Patriot-Glories, and enjoy the *Day* :
 But Altitude, and Splendour, strike too strong,
 To let our Minds support the Vision long ! 130
 Men shun them, more than Mountain-Tops, whose Air
 Is too refin'd for mortal Lungs to bear ;
 Where tho' vast Prospects feast their ravish'd Eyes,
 And fill the Soul with Rapture and Surprize,
 They quit them ; conscious they could ne'er pretend
 To dwell upon them ; and, amaz'd, descend. 136

ON *Pisgah's* Summits, thus, fond *Moses* stood,
 And saw the *Holy Land*, replete with Good :

Confin'd

Confin'd by HEAV'N, he snatch'd a transient View ;
 And, struck with Charms he ne'er could reach, withdrew.

What Virtue shall we First begin to paint ? 141
 Which First record — The Patriot, or, The Saint ?
 What Flower from this fair Garden shall we chuse ?
 This Field of Sweets, All nurs'd by heav'nly Dews ?
 Purg'd from the human Dross, he shone ! refin'd
 From All that could *debase*, or *taint*, the Mind !
 Mean, vulgar Souls have *Virtues* mix'd with *Vice* ;
 For *Fire*, the Chymists say, subsists in *Ice* : 150
 A Kind of Centaurs, 'twixt Two Natures plac'd ;
 Piec'd up of *Mind*, and *Body* ; *Man*, and *Beast*.
 He was *All Mind* ; from each gross Mixture clean ;
 A *Sky*, without a *Cloud* the *Light* to screen ;
 No Vapours rose, to veil a *single Ray* ;
 Or shade the Lustre of *His* lovely Day !

PLAC'D in All Views, with Beauties crown'd he
 [stood;
 Supremely Great; yet scarce so Great as Good : 156
 In his high Orbit he benignly mov'd ;
 By Monarchs Honour'd, and by HEAV'N Approv'd !
 By Myriads, for extensive Worth ador'd ;
 He liv'd Applauded, and he dy'd Deplor'd ! 160
 Lov'd by the Good ! — nay, by the Bad Rever'd !
 Who bless'd the *very Virtues* which they fear'd !

As Stars, that, with remoter Radiance, pass
 Un-noted c'en by Flamstead's faithful Glass 164
 (For Worlds un-number'd roll thro' boundless Space,
 To which no Constellations give a Place) ; 166
 So secret Virtues, firing BOULTER's Breast,
 Shed their sweet Influence, and their Beams supprest :
 There, countless Gifts, and Beauties, lay inshrin'd,
 The native, pure, Effulgence of his Mind ! 170

Which

Which *never* flatter'd *Pride* presum'd to claim ;
 At which no Bard's *Invention* dar'd to aim,
 No Parents Hopes for their lov'd Child arriv'd ;
 For which no Language has a *Name* contriv'd :
 Nor *will* — With *Him* they rose and set *alone* ; 175
 To *Few*, except the *GOD* who gave them, known,

WING ! wing my Flight ! some Force divine, on
 To Tracks impervious to th' imbody'd Eye ! [high !
 Where, o'er the Sea imperial BRITAIN rides,
 And smiles serene 'midst ever-foaming Tides : 180
 There, that auspicious Spot I long to view,
 Where first the vital Air my BOULTER drew.
 Greece boasts her *Gods*, within her Confines born ;
 BRITAIN, her *Sons*, that Human Kind adorn ;
 HEAV'N's lineal Race ; tho', by the mortal Side, 185
 Ally'd to Men, who Greatly *liv'd*, and *dy'd* ;

Large

Large Souls ! oft sent us, cloath'd in Flesh and Blood,
 To farm Monopolies for *doing Good* ;
 To teach, to charm, to bless, and to bestow,
 And stamp the **G O D** on human Hearts Below ! 190
 Such, BOULTER ! such his *Errand* was ! whose Birth
 Rose, like bright Meteors springing from the Earth,
 To grace the Heav'ns : Born where —

BUT hold ! Oh hold ! what Words can paint the
 [Scene ?
 Amaze and Transport, thrill thro' ev'ry Vein ! 195
 What sudden Wonders strike my ravish'd Eyes !
 What *more* than mortal Forms before me rise !
 Joy ! Fear ! Love ! Rapture ! interrupt my Song !
 Oh ! if I *dream*, may Heav'n the *Dream* prolong !
 Lo ! by That Fountain, 'midst yon verdant Shade, 200
 Where, sunk in Sorrow, fair HIBERNIA's laid,

The

The sacred *Muses*, pierc'd with gen'rous Grief,
 Try, with their Songs, to give her Woes Relief.
 Look ! how they swell the Fountain with their Tears !
 Her drooping Head, see ! faint **HIBERNIA** rears : 205
 At BOULTER's Name, what *Tears*, what *Groans* arise !
 With briny Floods, so Storms assault the Skies.

BEHOLD ! where **CLIO**, that celestial Maid,
 Rises, in native Majesty array'd :
 Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace, her Features **shine**, 210
 So beauteous, they declare her Race divine !
CLIO ! who to the Deeds of Godlike Men
 Gives Life, by her immortalizing Pen !
 Who ne'er, by *Silence*, did the *Virtuous* wrong ;
 Or grac'd the *Worthless*, by a *venal* *Song* ! 215
 Her Soul, compos'd, sits smiling in her Eyes ;
 And o'er Affliction throws a kind Disguise :

Her

Her Head, incircled round with lucid Rays,
 Thro' all the Woods brown Shadows darts a Blaze :
 In her * Right-hand *Fame's* loud-voic'd Trump she
[rears ;
 Her Left, the Works of *deathless* Writers bears. 221
 But hark ! the choral Symphony's begun !
 Oh catch the tuneful Numbers as they run !

* The Attitude, Instruments, and Characters, here mentioned, have been generally ascrib'd to Clio, by the best Authors who write of the Muses. It is indeed surprising, how confus'd and indistinct the Dress, Symbols, Instruments, and often even the very Characters, of many of the Muses appear, wherever they are either introduc'd by the old Poets, or treated of by the Mythologists, or represented by their Statues in the Works of famous Sculptors, that have been preserved from the Injuries of Time. Whoever will look into Natalis Comes, Iconol. de Ripa, or Montfaucon, &c. will soon perceive this. However, the exactest Care has been taken, in this new Attempt, to describe every Muse, to assign them all the peculiar Marks, Symbols, or Characteristicks, that have been generally appropriated to any one of them, by classical Authors, or learned Antiquaries.

The bounding Notes each Chord convulsive swell,
In Haste HIBERNIA's Sorrows to dispel: 235
As a rich Cordial, BOULTER's *Praise* she brings,
Watch! watch the Sounds! attend! attend! --- she sings!



CLIO.



C L I O.


 E hush'd, mean *Sorrows* ! *Merit* smiles at
 [Death !
 Each grateful *Muse* embalms it with her
 [Breath.
 To comfort griev'd *HIBERNIA*, let us
 [raise
 Her *Guardian's* Fame, by no ignoble Lays :

First, to his Name, *I* strike the vocal Shell ;

Few *Princes*, Now, deserve our Song so well !

Thou Foremost in the Race of *wond'rous Men* !

My Lyre is *Thine* ! disdain a mortal Pen !

235

YET all *fictitious* Honours we disclaim ;
 Truth must the Basis be of *lasting* Fame.
 We ne'er inspir'd the Slaves, whose Rhymes applaud
 Their *Lewis*, till the Tyrant struts a *God* !

Whose

Whose Panegyricks, while his *Pride* they sooth, 240
 Make * Streams of *Falshood* roll with Drops of *Truth* :
 There All appears so *vast*, and in Excess,
 Making him *more* than *Man*, they make him *less*,
 While on his Fame a laurel'd Wood attends ; }
 Crush'd, like *Tarpeia*, with the Load he bends, 245 }
 Destroy'd by the *false* Bounties of his Friends.
 Nor let us with *deceitful* Sculptors vie,
 Who, in vast Churches, set their *Saints* on high,
 Thrice bigger than the Life ; and *gild* them o'er,
 Lest prying Eyes the lurking *Brass* explore. 250
 No *borrw'd* *Excellence* be meanly feign'd ;
 No *pious* *Frauds* devis'd, or *Truths* o'erstain'd !
 Such Arts may stamp an *Hypocrite* a *Saint* ;
 But BOULTER's Beauty scorns the Glare of *Paint*.

* This is taken from a severe Reflection of Theocritus
 Chios, on the Orator Anaximenes.

Ἄγχεται λέξεων μὲν ποταμὸς, νοῦ δὲ ταλασμός.

V. Vossius Instit. Poet. p. 2.

LET Others boast, or *feign*, some splendid Race,
 Their fading Honours with vain Names to grace :
His Glories came not by Descent of Blood ; 257
 Nor thro' long Lists of ancient Patriots flow'd :
This ABRAM ow'd not to his *Race* his Fame,
 But rose *Himself*, a *Nation*, and a *Name* ! 260

ROUSE, dear HIBERNIA ! feel th' enlivening
 [Lay ;
 Each *Muse* His various Virtues shall display :
 His PIETY, that oft the Clouds has scal'd,
 And, wrestling, *Jacob*-like, with GOD prevail'd,
First in the *Verse*, as in his Life, shall shine ; 265
 And, like the *Subject*, be the *Song*, Divine !
 Round thy lov'd Isle his righteous Deeds proclaim,
 And mark, with Trophies, his Ascents to Fame :
 Where he so clos'd the Task his GOD had giv'n ;
 On *Earth* he did *His* Will, as, Now, in *Heav'n* : 270
 Where,

Where, tho' refin'd, he fills a *nobler* Sphere ;
 Yet the *same Love of God* adorn'd him Here.

SUCH was his wond'rous Piety Below ;
 With *such* Devotion us'd his Heart to glow ;
 As if he thought Life's single Business there, 275
 Was, worthy Actions sanctify'd by Pray'r.
 And, as This World his Road to *Heav'n* he found,
 He *pray'd*, and thought he travell'd holy Ground.

To *Men* a cordial Amity he bore ;
 But *God* possess'd his warm Affections *more* : 280
 To *Him* he burn'd in *nobler* Heights of Love ;
 Thus, *Stars*, to You, are *Suns* to Worlds above ;
 And, while to *Earth* they send a friendly Ray,
 To *their own* Orbs they blaze a *total Day*.

But tho' Religion all his Soul ingross'd,

285

The *Man* was never in the *Zealot* lost.

For *Creeds* he persecuted none ; because

He left to Heav'n its own Great penal Laws :

Blind fiery Zeal, that *Light'ning* of the Soul,

That kills, where-e'er the Papal Thunders roll, 290

Where All must be *convinc'd*, or else *undone*,

He taught GOD's Messengers of Peace to shun ;

And bid false *Rome* on *Racks* and *Knives* rely,

Where Men by public Standards *think*, or *die* !

"Twixt the Two Tables sharing all his Life, 295

His *Pray'rs* and *public Labours* seem'd at Strife :

But each, in Turn successive, bore the Sway ;

For *Pray'rs* all Night were turn'd to *Deeds* all Day.

Iimmers'd in *Earth*, poor Mortals seldom rise 299

To *heav'nly* Heights, that lift them near the Skies !

He

He was so much a *Seraph* Here, his Change
 Look'd slight ; nor was the bright Transition strange :
 His Thoughts, Works, Cares, so near to *Theirs* ally'd,
 He found but little Diff'rence when he dy'd.
 To Heav'n, *scarce alter'd*, This **E L I J A H**'s gone; 305
 And, mix'd with *Saints*, perceives *he* had been one.





POLYHYNIA.


 HE ceas'd — uprising POLYHYNIA
 [springs,
 And tones the golden Chords, before she
 [sings.
Elysian Roses wreath'd around her
 [Head,
 Thro' the delighted Air sweet Odours shed. 310

Loofe in the Breeze her long white Garment flew ;
 While o'er her snowy Breasts the *Zephyrs* blew.
 She seem'd, at once, divinely wise and fair ;
 The *Muse*, the *Maid*, the *Goddess*, form'd her Air.
 Tho' fam'd from early Time for tuneful Lays, 315
 With GRANVILL's Bloom she shone, and RICHMOND's
 [beauteous Blaze.
 Not with more Joy fair AYLESBURY is seen ;
 Or dwells the Eye on sweet AUGUSTA's Mien :

Not

Not lovelier Charms bright SHAFTSB'RY's Virtues grace ;
 Or croud, assembled in great CHURCHILL's Race : 320
 Scarce WINCHELSEA is view'd with more Surprize ;
 Or with more Glory shine CLANRICKARD's Eyes.
 Pierc'd to the Soul, she feels HIBERNIA's Fears,
 And, mournful, sees her unavailing Tears :
 Then, gently sighing, strikes her Iv'ry Lyre, 325
 And thus her Voice sets the loud Strings on Fire.

TO PIETY, fair Consort of his Mind,
 Each Science with the Pow'rs of Language join'd :
 Each, sort'd in his Soul, possess'd its Place,
 Like the vast Orbs arrang'd in endless Space ; 330
 And, unconfus'd, their beauteous Courses run ;
 Enlighten'd by his *Judgment*, as a *Sun*.

His studious Turn he often check'd ; and chose
 To mix That Knowlege which from *Action* flows.
 The World's great Page he turn'd ; and, watchful, thence
 Drew Truths, digested by superior Sense. 337
 Thence plastic Reason form'd prudential Arts,
 To fathom human Minds, and mend their Hearts ;
 To tame the Temper, rein the manag'd Soul, 340
 Attune the Passions, and their Rage controul :
 Things to their Sources trac'd, his piercing Wit
 Fix'd what was *great*, or *base*; *absurd*, or *fit*;
Wise, or *imprudent*; *mix'd*, or *good*, or *ill*;
 And watch'd the Balance of the wavering Will : 345
 Bounds set to *Truth* and *Error*; *Wrong* and *Right* ;
 He trac'd the Dawn dividing Day from Night ;
 And rang'd, like NEWTON, ev'ry various Ray,
 That pours upon the Soul the *Mental* Day. 349

THUS,

THUS, as Mens *Natures* and their *Works* he knew,
 He scorn'd *false* Knowlege, while he lov'd the *true*:
 Frequent he *read*; but *thought* yet *more*; and made
 A mingled Life, of Sunshine and the Shade.
 Tho' oft he feasted on what Others write,
Men had the *Day*, while *Science* watch'd the *Night*.
 For, tho' he lov'd *dead* Authors Stores to read, 356
 Yet, as on *living* Quarries Eagles feed,
 On *Conversation* he depended more,
 To touch That Bullion, and refine their Ore.
 For, when he read, his quick-ey'd Prudence found,
 With *Guesse's* and *Opinions* Books abound, 361
 More than with *Light* and *Truth*; and thence the Age
 Stood his expounding Comment on the Page.

HE took not Thoughts on Trust; but lov'd to be
 From that mean Vassalage of Readers free. 365

From *his own* Springs he drew ; and, as the Great
 Disdain to rent from Others an Estate ;
 But, Lords of fruitful wide Domains, depend
 On Lands they need not labour to extend ;
 So His *large Mind*, rich in its native Fund, 370
 The Poring of the puzzled Book-worm shunn'd :
 He gain'd, by *Converse* and *Reflection*, more
 Than he had glean'd by pond'ring *Folio's* o'er :
Large Volumes, tho' with Taste and Genius writ,
 He found, for those who Nations rule, unfit. 375
 Of *living Truths* *Experience* clears the Springs :
 * *Words* are *Mens* Daughters, but *GOD's Sons* are *Things*.

HE got not Learning, therefore, just for Sale,
 To vend it out, and live on the Retale :

* *A famous Axiom of the great Hippocrates.*

Such

Such Men of *Science* make a lofty Show; 380

As *Woods* hide barren *Marshes* where they grow.

Th' embroider'd Pomp of Pedantry he scorn'd;

His Reading more his *Deeds* than *Words* adorn'd:

For as, in Hives, the *Bee*, digestive, pours

Rich Stores, extracted from a Waste of Flow'rs; 385

So did *his* penetrating Mind reduce

Whate'er he *thought, read, heard, or saw, to Use:*

And lodg'd, within the Treas'ry of his Breast,

Truths, Arts, and Rules, to make your Nation blest.

SOME but the *Shallows* of each Science ply; 390

Yet throw their pedling Wares on ev'ry Eye:

Unskill'd the Depths of *Learning's Sea* to sound,

They coast her *Shore*, and run full-sail aground.

He, tho' he plow'd her Oceans long, disdain'd 394

To vaunt the Treasures which his Toils had gain'd.

But

But candid *Truth*, and *Dignity* serene,
 Produc'd his Stores, unwilling to be seen:
 His deep-read Skill so diffident appear'd,
 As, to *insult* th' unletter'd World he fear'd:
 It only waited, as a menial Groom, 400
 To usher in *choice Friends*, and shew his *private Room*.

So, when a *Palace* mounts into the Skies,
 The *Scaffolds* help to make the Building rise:
 But, when 'tis finish'd, all must disappear; 404
 Nor croud the Structure, which they help'd to rear.





T H A L I A.


 HE spoke — Immediate, with conspicuous
 [Grace,
 Supremely bright, THALIA took her Place.

 Her sprightly Spirits chilling Sorrows
 [freeze ;
 Her piercing Eyes unwonted Languors seize ;
 When sad HIBERNIA from the Ground she rears, 410
 And kisses from their Crystal Fount her Tears.
 Her Russet-Robe the comic Mask conceals ;
 No joyous Smiles her pensive Mien reveals :
 Her Face looks pallid with the with'ring Grief ;
 Nor sprightly Lays, or Revels, give Relief : 415
 No pointed Jests, nor Repartees, beguile
 Her Woe ; nor *Satires*, *stinging* while they *smile*.

The

The *painted Life*, the *mimic Scene*, the *Roar*,
Of *Theatres*, delight her Soul no more.

Careless, an Ivy-Chaplet shades her Head ; 420
Her Feet upon her Flute disdainful tread :
A Sky-dy'd Mantle veils her slender Waste,
While *thus th' Illustrious Dead* her Numbers grac'd :

GREAT Soul, in mighty *Virtue* form'd to shine !
GTo loftier Lays the Hero I resign : 425
Content in *lower Scenes* thy Life to paint,
I draw the *Man*, but cannot sing the *Saint*.
Tho' nought in *Thee* was *little*, yet my Song
The *least* of all thy Virtues grieves to wrong.

FROM each Allurement of the *Senses* freed, 430
Voluptuous Joys could ne'er his Soul mislead :

A noble

A noble Mind disdains such Slaves Commands,
 Nor * hears the Reins of Empire in their Hands.
 For *Him*, to all the Pride of Folly dead,
 Her Nets in vain entangling Pleasure spread ; 435
 Held up the Lure to his superior Eye,
 And sigh'd, to see him pass contemptuous by.

BOUND to the Mast, so, when *Ulysses* sail'd,
 To catch his Soul the sweet-voic'd *Syrens* fail'd :
 Tho' soft the Numbers, and tho' smooth the Strain,
 The Heart-inchanting Song was sung in vain. 441

HE stoop'd not down to the dark World below ;
 But sought *its* Errors, and *his own*, to know.

* This Metaphor is frequently us'd by the best Classics. It
 is not only applied to Horses, but, by Virgil, even to the
 Chariot.

Fertur Equis Auriga, neque audit Currus Habenas.

He saw Your Globe in Night bewilder'd lay,
 And, calm, survey'd the Realms of *Reason's* Day. 445
 Lord of his Passions, this exalted Mind
 Inferior Things to *little* Souls resign'd.
Equal the World's low Griefs and Joys he priz'd ;
Alike its Honours, or Neglects despis'd.
 Soaring above This *Earth*, he scorn'd to try 450
 Pleasures, that with the Body spring and die.

SUCH was his *Temperance*, that, as we read
 Of Angel-Forms, that but *appear'd* to feed,
 Or *slightly* tasted your terrestrial Meat ;
 In *Him* it look'd like *Complaisance* to eat. 455
 On *his own* Charity he seem'd to live,
 And, grateful, bless'd the stinted Donative :

Yet

Yet took so little, as he meant to try,
 Like * *Achmet*, while he breath'd, what 'twas to die.

His Life was so severe and strict a Fast, 460

'Twas strange, how Nature, so restrain'd, could last.

But thus his *Body* to the *Soul* subdu'd,
 Scarce could a sensual Thought or Wish intrude :

Not that he found his Blood to Sin inclin'd,

But curb'd his *Palate*, to regale his *Mind*. 465

* *A famous Grand Vizir in Solomon the Magnificent's Time ; who, being order'd to be strangled with the Bow-string, refus'd to die by the Hands of the Mutes, but begg'd a Friend of his, who stood by, to do that last Office for him ; and, when he was near expiring, to let him come to himself again for some Minutes, and quite revive, before he strangled him absolutely ; which was punctually observed ; that (as Busbequius speaks in his second Epistle) Mortem, antequam moreretur, gustaret ; nec semel mori voluisse.*

HE loath'd the Drunkard's Fume, the nightly *Feast*,
 The Cup of *Circe* turning *Man* to *Beast* ;
 The Rev'lers Roar, the vast incircled Bowl,
 That swells the *Heart*, but overwhelms the *Soul* :
 And sigh'd, to see Your Island sink undone! 470
 Like * *Clarence* plunging in the fatal Tun.

FREE from the Gout, the Dropsy, and the Stone,
 Some Wine he took for *Health*; for *Pleasure*, None;
 Resolv'd th' imperious Appetites to rein,
 He knew that *sober Nature* loves a Mean. 475
 Excess he spurn'd, that *Handmaid* of the Grave,
 Disease's *Nurse*, the rich Man's wedded *Slave*.

* Edward the Fourth's Brother, who was drown'd by the Duke of Gloucester in a Butt or Tun of Wine. — Ireland is perishing the same Way by French Wine; which, in Time, unless new Taxes are laid on it, must necessarily beggar that Island.

His temp'rate Veins no hostile Ferments fir'd ;

He lent the *Body* what its Wants requir'd.

The Sensualist he scorn'd, who *lives* to *eat* ; 480

And drowns, in Wine, destructive Loads of Meat.

The luscious Bane so Vermin ravin first,

Then, bursting, drink, to quench the fatal Thirst.

AND yet, as * *Daniel*, who abstemious fed,

The limpid Stream his Drink, and Pulse his Bread,

Look'd fairer than the Youths in Riot nurs'd, 486

And with Excess of *Persian* Plenty curs'd ;

So did his Countenance appear to all,

The Seat of Health and Life before the *Fall* :

At least, before the Sins and Lusts of Man 490

Had sunk succeeding Ages to Their Span.

* *Daniel*, chap. I. v. 12, and 15.

Thus Heav'n rejoic'd his Temperance to bless,
Whose † *Thirst* and *Hunger* was for *Righteousness*.

† Matth. c. V. v. 6. *the very Words.*





E U T E R P E.


 HE stopp'd — EUTERPE next the Strain
 [assum'd ;
 With *Spring's* eternal Rose her Beauty
 [bloom'd :
 While on her *Charms* All Eyes, delighted,
 [gaze,
 Un-noted, roun'd her Neck, the *Diamonds* blaze.

 An Emerald Orb lay brilliant on her Chest,
 Which, heaving, shew'd the Tempest in her Breast.

 Adown her Shoulders flow'd a rich Cymar, 500
 Emblazon'd round with many a lucid Star.

 Wove in a Garland, drooping Flow'rets hung,
 Kissing her Brows, and trembling, as she sung.

 Her Tear-swell'd Eyes were of their Darts disarm'd ;
 And yet, in *Grief*, the lovely Mourner charm'd, 505

Her *Head* on lov'd HIBERNIA's *Cheek* reclin'd,
 In *One* sad Stream their bursting Sorrows join'd.
 Like VENUS fair emerging from the Sea,
 She rose, and shook th' *unwilling* Drops away.
 The *sacred Sisters* mute Attention lend, 510
 And the calm'd Winds their ling'ring Wings suspend.

THUS bles'd, he *wisely* govern'd *Church* and
 In Each *deserv'd*, and *fill'd*, the highest Seat. [State ;
 Those Heights, without Ambition he attain'd,
 The *World*, not *He*, by his Promotion gain'd. 515
 In Aqueducts, the River, forc'd to run,
 Ascends the *Skies*, and nearer views the *Sun*.
 Useful it rolls, and fills its lofty Place ;
 Rais'd but to *bless* and *serve* the *human Race* :

Thence,

Thence, like *Eridanus*, thro' *Heav'n* it flows ; 520

Thence BOULTER o'er the *Church*, exalted, rose.

WEALTH he disdain'd, near *Princes* tho' he stood ;

His *Grandeur* only made him *greatly Good* :

He us'd it merely as a just Defence

To *sacred Worth*, or *injur'd Innocence* : 525

To *tame* wild impious Rage ; and, bold, oppose

Those *Storms*, that fierce against *Religion* rose.

Thus, *mighty Mountains*, while they rise on high,

With their vast Heads support the bending Sky :

Unmov'd, they stand aloft 'midst Winds and Rains,

And kindly fend and overshade the Plains : 531

And, while the furious Blasts around them blow,

Shelter the fruitful Vales that sleep below.

*THRONE*S are but *Steps* to *Fame* for glorious
[*Kings* ;
And *Pow'r*, in *Him*, serv'd but as *Virtue's Wings* ; 535

Serv'd but to lift his gen'rous Thoughts, and show
 How near to Heav'n Worth, high-advanc'd, may go.
 Mean Views detested, This enlighten'd Man
 Rul'd your fair Church on its own FOUNDER's Plan :
 Ere *Empire's* burning Lust, ere *Papal* Fraud, 540
 And Plots for *Gold*, had banish'd *Truth* and GOD.

To the vow'd Ends of his Commission true,
 No Int'rests Here, but those of *Heav'n*, he knew.
 He taught his Priests to spread th' ethereal Seeds,
 And vouch their *holy Truths* by *holy Deeds*. 545
 No Great-Mens *Slaves*, no *Cousins* of their *Whores*,
 Nor my Lord's *Fool* in Orders, fill'd his Cures ;
 But such, as by their *Lives*, distinguish'd stood,
 Summ'd and selected from the *Learn'd* and *Good*.
 For, as God's Laws, for * *Sacrifice*, disclaim'd 550
 The Victim that was *leprous*, *blind*, or *maim'd*,

* Leviticus, chap. XXII. ver. 22.

Much

Much more he thought his *chosen Priests* should be
From each *gross* Fault, or *moral* Blemish free.

As *Worth* had rais'd him, *worthy* Men he serv'd ;
And blush'd, to see *true* Merit *prais'd*, and *starv'd* !
The lavish Board abridg'd, where Aliens fed, 566
Enlarg'd the Pittance of the *Curate's* Bread.
He made *Advancement* swell the *Lab'rer's* Pay,
Who bore the Heat and Burthen of the Day ;
Who dress'd the Vineyard oft with *nobler* Toil, 560
Than those who eat the *Fruit*, and own the *Soil*.
Nor *aw'd* by *Power*, nor by vile *Int'rest* *ty'd*,
For fair *Desert* he glory'd to provide.
Deaf to the Calls of near-allianc'd Blood, 564
Like * *CHRIST*, he own'd no Kinsmen but the *Good*.

* Luke chap. VIII. ver. 21.

Fair * Honour's Road thro' Virtue's Temple lay ;
 (There Merit ne'er was heard *in vain* to pray) }
 And Zeal, conspicuous, smooth'd the arduous Way.
 Friendship, nay Gratitude, he thought a Sin,
 If, good Men barr'd, they let the Vicious in. 570

To diff'rent Prelates diff'rent Talents fall ;
 Some *These*, some *Those* possess, but BOULTER *All*!
 All that were useful to support the Cause
 Of Truth, and GOD, and Virtue's slighted Laws ;
 To mend the *Morals* of a *faithless* Race, 575
 And to *Religion* give its *native* Grace.
 In *Him* such *heap'd-up* Excellence combin'd,
 With such *united* *Glories* beam'd his Mind ;

* The Temples of Virtue and Honour were built in that Manner.

That as augmenting * *Caracts* vastly raise
 Th' advancing Value of the *Diamond's Blaze*, 580
 So *Worth to Worth* conjoin'd rais'd *BOULTER* higher,
 For *Weight* and *Splendour* form'd this *Gem* intire.
 And, as All *Honours* met, to make him *great*,
 All *Virtues* form'd a *Prelate's Life* *complete*.

O'E R his lov'd Flocks a faithful Watch he kept,
 And *wak'd*, when many a lazy Pastor *slept*. 586
 In vain the *Wolf* for Midnight Ravin howl'd,
 Gnash'd at the Pale, and round the Barrier prowl'd !
 The *Fox*, presumptuous of his Wiles, in vain
 Devis'd a luscious Banquet of the Slain : 590
His Cares beguil'd those Felons of their Prey ;
 And *both* were hunted down in *open Day* !

* *A Kind of Weight by which Jewels are weigh'd ; which, as they increase in any Jewel, raise the Value immensely.*

The Lambs to Brooks, and flow'ry Lawns, he led;

Rul'd with his Eye, and with his Pastures fed.

From Rocks, from Mountains, and the devious Wood,

He drove them to the level Plains for Food. 596

Some starve their Sheep! and, while the Fleece is sold,

Grudge their mean Labours, or neglect the Fold!

Sway'd by his Crook, obsequious to his Call,

He cheris'd, tended, watch'd, and guarded ALL! 600

Nor, in the Vineyard, were his Labours less,

To quell the Brambles, and the Vines to dress.

Ere they could sprout, he crush'd the noxious Seeds,

And on the ranker Grounds subdu'd the Weeds:

Ill-Bearers prun'd, he bade the Tendrils raise 605

Their Heads, and swell with the celestial Blaze:

Chear'd by the Skies, to load the Earth, and grow,

In spite of all the blasting Winds that blow:

Their

Their branching *Clusters* 'midst the Clouds to shoot;
 And, fed from *Heav'n*, to *Heav'n* exalt their *Fruit*.

NOR miss'd GOD's *Field* the Culture of his Hand;
There his long *Toils* enrich'd thy *barren Land*: 612
 Turning the *Glebe* to feel the *solar Beams*,
 He warm'd the *frozen Clods* with *genial Flames*. 614
There planted *Acorns*, where he stubb'd the *Thorn*,
 And where he burn'd the *Darnel*, sow'd the *Corn*:
 Whence *such* an Harvest o'er thine Isle was spread,
Angels might *reap*, and *future Times* be *fed*! 618





TERPSICHORE.



HE paus'd --- when, with endearing Ardour,
 [rose
 TERPSICHORE, to sooth HIBERNIA'S
 [Woes.
 With Friendship's holy Warmth her Arms
 [embrac'd,
 And, 'midst the circling Ermines, clasp'd her Waist.

Us'd to delight the World with *learned Ease*,
 And, with soft Arts, th' unbended Soul to please ;
 Now to illustrious Heights she tunes the Strain, 625
 And, with the balmy Comfort, sooths the Pain.
 On sunk HIBERNIA now her Eyes she turn'd ;
 Now, fixt on high, her Loss, indignant, mourn'd.
 A Zone, where Amethysts in Blushes flame,
 Begirt the Robe of the resplendent Dame : 630

A clouded Scarf, wove in the Looms above,
 Veils her white Breast ; the guarded Throne of Love.
 Hush'd were the various Instruments of Sound,
 That, in majestic Silence, strew'd the Ground :
 When on the *Harp*, by *her* invented, play'd, 635
 And, thus enraptur'd, sang the deathless Maid.

NOR wanted less the *State*, or felt his Care ;
 His *Thoughts*, his *Hands*, his *Eyes*, were [ev'ry-where.
 He the *main* End of Government pursu'd,
 The Great, the Godlike Power of *Doing Good* ! 640
 Loving his *Prince*, he us'd endearing Arts,
 To root his Empire in his People's *Hearts*.
 Too coldly *worshipp'd*, and too faintly *known*,
 GOD on Mens *Love* first builds His glorious Throne :
 Then *Pow'r* succeeds ; and Humankind are aw'd 645
 To *own* the Sov'reign, and *obey* the GOD.

HENCE, mild, he sooth'd fierce Parties in thy State ;
 Temper'd their *Venom*, and relax'd their Hate.
 E'en *Rome's* vow'd Vassals, ever Foes to *Peace*,
 Calm'd by his Arts, tho' restless, liv'd at Ease ; 650
 Nor felt, to *Scorpions* turn'd, the Statute's *Rods*,
 Against their *foreign Faith*, and *Wafer Gods*.
 His Toils thus kept e'en *Faction* blest and free,
 Grumbling, like *Jews*, in their *Theocracy* !

CONTENDING Foes, by his known Goodness won,
 Their Rage appeas'd, to his Decisions run. 656
 Their loud Complaints assiduous to redress,
 He lov'd to *reconcile*, *befriend*, and *bless*.
 And as the *Tribune's* Doors, by Night, by Day,
 To aid the injur'd *Commons*, open lay ; 660
 So was his House as free to frequent Throngs,
 To guard their *Liberties*, and ease their *Wrongs*.

FOR guiltless Blood, when *Jews* for Vengeance fled,
 Appointed Cities sav'd the refug'd Head : 664
 Thus, when thy Sons or *felt*, or *dreaded*, Harms,
 Round BOULTER press'd in supplicating Swarms.
 Before his Gates, *Protection* and *Redress*
 Spread wide their Arms to fugitive *Distress*.
 His Kindness, taught by *Christian Love* to flow,
 Heard Ev'ry *Cry*, and soften'd Ev'ry *Woe*! 670

NOR did such *mighty* Cares surcharge his Mind ;
 To bear up *Worlds* This *Atlas* was design'd.
 His *Heart*, that well-fram'd Engine, gather'd *Heat*,
 And gain'd Increase of *Vigour* from the *Weight*.
 With vast Employments charg'd, he only strove, 675
 By *greater* Toils, their Pressure to remove.
 For mighty Vessels scarcely *feel* their Load,
 But spread *more* Sail, and safely reach their Road.

UNTOILD with *Business*, pleas'd when *most*
 [employ'd,
 He held each *Leisure* in his Life a *Void*. 680

One End, each *Act*, each *Word*, each *Thought* pursu'd ;
 Still rose predominant the *public Good*.

Gentle he rul'd ; a *Friend* to human Race !

His *Heart*, benign, fate open in his *Face* !

'Twas legible, at *Sight*, to ev'ry Eye ; 685

Nor ever *wanted* once, or *fear'd* a *Spy* !

So *meek* his *Soul*, so *mild* his Government,

E'en *Vice* seem'd punish'd by its own *Consent* :

So kind to *Merit*, it appear'd to be

Self-Love, disguis'd in *Generosity* ! 690

Mens *Peace* and *Piety* alike possesst

His *Thoughts* ; their *present* and *eternal Rest*.

Each Moment to thy Nation's Welfare giv'n,

He serv'd their Int'rests both in *Earth* and *Heav'n*.

THUS

THUS *Venus*, brightly shining from afar, 695
 Is both your *Morning* and your *Ev'ning Star* ;
 Waits on the Dawn of Heav'n's returning Light,
 And gilds Earth's Horrors at th' Approach of Night.

WITH Care like *his*, round favour'd *Realms*, or
 [Kings,
 The *Guardian-Angels* spread their sacred Wings: 700
 Assiduous, so, presiding o'er the *State*,
 He only lov'd the *Toil* of being *great*.
 Nor were those Toils to servile Views apply'd,
 To Swell his *Wealth*, or Gratify his *Pride*.
His Views all center'd in This Point alone, 705
 " To *serve* Mankind, and make *their* Cause *his own*.

BUT tho' he govern'd with prudential Care,
 His *human Policy* was help'd by *Pray'r* :
 This stopp'd th' impending Vengeance oft on high,
 And shielded *Myriads*; — else ordain'd to *die*! 710

In ev'ry deep Distress thy Sons to aid,
 As Governor, he help'd; as Prelate, pray'd:
 And GOD, His Saint unwilling to refuse,
 Spar'd them, as once he did the murmur'ring Jews;
 When, calm'd by Moses' Vows, His Wrath withdrew
 The Judgments to their long Transgressions due! 716



E R A



E R A T O.

 HE ended there — when E R A T O arose ;
 Whose Charms the Heav'n descended Muse
[disclose :
 The lovely Native of the Realms of Light.

Shone out with everlasting Beauty bright. 720

In sportive Ringlets flew her auburn Hair,
 And with ambrosial Sweets perfum'd the Air ;
 A Sapphire Fillet, wrought with bleeding Hearts,
 Winding its Course, the waving Tresses parts.

Her beauteous Breast a golden Poitrell grac'd ; 725

Large Orient Pearl in Circles bound her Waist.

The little Loves, that us'd to clap their Wings,
 And laugh, when of Their gay Delights she sings,

Now fret, to see her *Song* to *Sorrow* turn'd ; 729

And ask each other, Why she *wept* and *mourn'd* ?

Some to the Woods remotest Shades retire,

And, frighten'd, listen to her plaintive Lyre ;

Peep thro' the Leaves, and, wond'ring at her Tears,

Whisper, That BOULTER was *no Friend of Theirs* !

Some frown, reluctant that her moving Lay 735

Should *melt* their *Hearts*, and quite suspend their *Play* :

While *some* their *Arrows* whet, or try their *Bows* ;

Or, tumbling on the Grafs, *neglect* her *Woes*.

She, with a Mien expressive of her *Pain*, 739

Thus spoke, and faint HIBERNIA bless'd the Strain :

BOOTH as he held the * *Crosier* and the * *Sword*,
 He *Justice*, Heav'n's Vicegerent *Here*, ador'd.

No *Arts*, no *Pray'rs*, could screen th' *unrighteous Cause*;
 No *Bias* turn the *Current* of the *Laws*.
Un-brib'd, un-aw'd, impartial, and un-mov'd, 745
 Nor *Friend* or *Foe* he knew, nor *fear'd* or *lov'd*?
 But *equal*, as he poiz'd the balanc'd *Scale*,
Calm, as just † *NEWPORT*, let fair *Truth* prevail.

INCESSANT, thus, those Paths he ever trod,
 That, up the Steeps of *Virtue*, lead to *God*. 750
 And as, of Old, *Dictators*, from the Field,
 Where they had forc'd *Rome's* fiercest *Foes* to yield,

* Both as Lord Primate and Lord Justice of Ireland.
 Which last Office be held by Ten different Patents under several Lord-Lieutenants.

† The present Lord-Chancellor of Ireland.

Harrass'd with Scenes of Blood, and Feats of Arms,

Return'd in Peace to plough their private Farms :

So was his *Rest* but vary'd *Toil*; intent

755

Good to promote, or Evil to prevent.

The *Nights* of his laborious *Days* were giv'n,

To Mending Man, or Supplicating Heav'n.

Yet oft his Love of *Justice* stopp'd his *Pray'rs*,

To see the Laws exerted by his Cares;

760

Vice to Extirpate, and to Punish Crimes,

And purge the *evil Habit* of the Times.

BUT as the GOD he serv'd, loves *Mercy* Best

Of His high Attributes, and *Vengeance* Least;

So, to *forgive* and *pity* most inclin'd,

765

None but the *gentlest* Passions sway'd his Mind.

When forc'd *confess'd* Offenders to chastise,

Parental Sorrow fill'd his flowing Eyes.

Averse

Averse to punish, and rejoic'd to spare,
 With *greedy* Ears he drank the *Suppliant's Pray'r.*
Severity, like Egypt's Plagues, he taught, 771
 Oft *harden'd* Hearts, and *froze* the *melting* Thought ;
 While *Mercy, Queen of all the Passions,* brings
Love and Repentance on her *healing* Wings !

In ev'ry other Cause his Zeal was shown, 775
 And *ev'ry Wrong* redress'd, except *his own!*
 Whoever struck at *him*, *astonish'd*, found
 He might as well the yielding *Water* wound ;
 That, when some outward Force divides its Waves,
 Closes the Breach, and no Impression leaves ; 780
 So little his *impassive* Soul was mov'd,
 The *Blow* was Pardon'd, and th' *Offender Lov'd!*
 He thought *Resentment*, if it lasted *long*,
 Turn'd into *Guilt*, and *justify'd* the *Wrong.*

SOME

SOME *cancel* Injuries, as Men a *Debt*,

785

For which they ne'er can Satisfaction get.

But *Vengeance* He, tho' in his Pow'r, declin'd,And, by *new* Favours, charm'd the hostile Mind.Evil he mildly thus o'ercame with *Good*,And *Malice* by o'erpow'ring *Love* subdu'd.

790

So DAVID, when pursu'd by SAUL, forbore

To take Revenge; and was pursu'd no more.

SOME *pass by* Mens Offences, as, alone,

They thus for Myriads of their Sins atone :

But tho' their Trespasses he glad forgave,

795

From *Heav'n* that Balance he could scarce receive :So pure his *Life*, his *Virtue* so refin'd,To GOD so *duteous*, to his *Foes* so *kind*,So oft he pardon'd them; and yet, to *Heav'n*,

So few the Faults, he mourn'd for, tho' forgiu'n ! 800

Too great for mean Resentments, or too wise,
 The Proud oft pardon those whom they despise.
 None, but *himself*, he slighted in his *Thoughts* ;
 So judg'd Men only angry with his *Faults*.
 Mildly he therefore pass'd their Fury by, 805
 As a *mistaken, virtuous* Enmity.
 Scarce could *Ingratitude* offend so fast,
 As *Acts of Grace*, by his *Indulgence*, past.
 Men grave their *Wrongs* in *Marble* ; he, more just,
 Stoop'd down serene, and wrote them in the *Dust* !
 Trod under Foot, the Sport of ev'ry Wind, 811
 Swept from the Earth, and blotted from his Mind :
 There silent in their Grave he let them lie,
 And *grief'd* they could not 'scape th' *ALMIGHTY's Eye* !





C A L L I O P E.


 O clos'd the Song — CALLIOPE renew's
 The Strain; of *Heroes* and of *Gods* the
 [Muse.

 O'er her white *Chest* the broider'd Tunics
 [fold,
 Spangled with *Gems*, and purfled rich with *Gold*.
 But, in Contempt of *Dress*, her *Air* divine
 Triumph'd o'er *Arts*, by which *vain* Beauties shine!
 Circling her *Head*, the sacred *Laurels* wave, 821
 'That crown the *Poet*, and reward the *Brave* :
 That, planted round the *Grave*, no *Thunder* fear,
 And o'er the Dead their *living* Honours rear!
 Maro and Milton's Song her *Hands* display, 825
 But in her *Breast* unrivall'd *Homerlay*.
 For

For BOULTER's Fall, the beauteous Nymph appears
 Another *Niobe*, dissolv'd in Tears.
 So shews *Thaumantia*'s Bow amid the Show's,
 And shines resplendent with the *Rain* it pours; 830
 So, like the water'd *Flow'r's HIBERNIA*, rear'd
 Her Head, with more than *mortal* Numbers shear'd.

THUS lovely tho' he shone, his *Tongue, or Pen,*
 Ne'r fell severely on the *Lives of Men.*

Tho' *impious* Times he loath'd, when *Vices* rage, 835
 His *Life* was all his Satire on the *Age.*
 He made not *War* upon the World; nor rail'd
 At *others*, where their *shaken* Virtue fail'd.
 He lov'd not to *revile*; he *lash'd* at None;
 And view'd with *rig'rous* Eye *himself* alone. 840

He thought that *Virtue* look'd not half so fair,
 When, arm'd with *Wrath*, she wears an *awful Air* ;
 As when, in *Kindness* rob'd, her *Graces* shine,
 And *charm* the human Heart with *Love* divine.

To All, *Reproach* and *Menace* he forbore ; 845

As *Men*, he lov'd them Much ; as *Christians*, More.

He try'd, by *Gentleness*, the Soul to win ;
 And *spar'd* the *Sinner*, tho' he *loath'd* the *Sin*.

Invectives may *incense*, but not *reform* ;
 And *Truth* and *Reason* are averse to *Storm*. 850

Religion's Voice is *tender*, *sweet*, and *mild* ;
 Strong as a *God*, she's gentle as a *Child*.

In *smooth Persuasion* on the Soul she steals,
 And in *soft Whispers* heav'nly Love reveals. 854

When *Israels Crimes* made *God* on Earth descend ;
Storms, *Fire*, and *Earthquakes*, did Mount *Horeb*
 [rend:

Nor

Nor in the *Earthquake, Fire, or Storm* inshrin'd,
 Came the bright Radiance of th' Eternal MIND :
 But, when the Tempest ceas'd the Rocks to tear,
 A *still, calm* Voice was heard, and GOD was *there*. 860

BUT, where his *Office* forc'd him to reprove,
 The PRELATE's *Warmth* inflam'd the FATHER's *Love*.
 Severe, yet *kind*, he mark'd each devious Sin ;
 Soft were his *Words*, tho' strict his *Discipline* :
 And where he aim'd to *pierce* the guilty Heart, 865
 His *Merit*, as a *Feather*, wing'd the *Dart*.
 Reproof its *Force* to fair *Example* owes ;
 The Priest's *Authority* from *Virtue* flows !
 C H R I S T bid the *guiltless* Person cast the Stone ;
 And, if *Men* could be such, 'twas *he* alone ! 870

YET,

YET, *most*, the conqu'ring Eloquence he chose,
 That from a Life of *true* Religion flows :
 Those *silent* Beauties more prevail'd on Men,
 Than all that *Art* could speak, or *Wisdom* pen.
 For *Piety* wears such a *winning* Mien, 875
 To be *ador'd*, she needs but to be *seen* !
 Unless *Austerity*, or *Pride*, disgrace
 The *native* Beauties of the *Seraph's* Face !

IN *cloudy* Seasons tho' he liv'd, whose *Light*
 Was sunk in *Vice*, and *Error's* horrid *Night* ; 880
 When scarce a *Star* could dart its piercing Ray,
 And thro' th' *Ægyptian* Darkness point the Way ;
 Yet *his* high *Virtue* like a *Pharos* blaz'd,
 On some fair Promontory's Summit rais'd, 884
 That, brighten'd by the Wind, its Guidance gave,
 To teach the *Vessel* where to climb the *Wave*.

His *Love*, his *Care*, his *Zeal*, his healing *Art*,
 His *Deeds*, the *truest* Language of the *Heart*,
 Were the *best* Comment on the Sacred Page;
 A *long* and *living* Sermon to the Age. 890

Yet, less'ning all he did, he seem'd to fear
 Men might dislike his Rules, as too *severe* :
 And, sinking *Virtue* to their Level, shew'd
 'Twas *easy*, as *delightful*, to be *GOOD* ! 894

GRAC'D with *such* Charms, Men saw his *Glory* rise,
 Wing'd with the *Nation's* Voice, and fill the Skies :
 High o'er the Earth it shot its ardent Rays,
 And with *perpetual* Honour grac'd his Days.
 Some it enlighten'd, and attracted All
 That could within its spacious *Vortex* fall : 900
 Such its Extent, it sought no greater Space,
 But, quite un-alter'd, kept its lofty Place.

For

For as the *Caspian* Sea disdains to know,

903

Round the large Shores it washes, *Ebb* or *Flow*;While its calm *Deeps*, confin'd to their own Strand,Ne'er quit the *Beach*, nor once o'erwhelm the Land;Thus rose his *Character*, with Strength intire,So *high* at *first*, it could no more aspire.

Content his destin'd Place to fill so well,

He thought it *mean* to *sink*, and *vain* to *swell*. 910



URANIA.



SILENT she mus'd ---With Palms **URANIA**
 [crown'd
 Attun'd the Shell; Groves, Rocks, and
 [Hills resound.
 A silver Crescent grac'd her lovely *Head*,

And round her *Face* resulgent Glories spread :

Her curling *Hair* the Ivory *Neck* defends ; 915

Her *Breath* *Arabia's* spicy Gales transcends :

An azure Veil o'er her rich Vesture flung,

With careless Art upon her *Shoulders* hung:

Her *Hand* sustains the many-circled *Sphere*,

On which the *Zodiac's* splendid Signs appear. 920

While on *our* *Globe* she treads with just Disdain,

Bright *Fancy* soars, and *Judgment* holds the Rein.

With modest Grace aloft her Eyes she throws ;
 Fill'd with exalted Thoughts her Bosom glows :
 Tho' *grief'd* the Nymph, her Strains *harmonious* rise,
 And the *great* Song ascends the list'ning Skies. 926

THO' form'd to *please*, each *Beauty* fond to hide,
 As Men their *Sins*, he liv'd unstain'd with *Pride*.

On *Earth* inclin'd *Applause*s to despise,
 As much as *now*, — translated to the *Skies* ! 930

Vain Wretches, if the Rabble's *Shouts* they share,
 Grow *larger*, as *Cameleons* live on *Air* !

But BOULTER, with each *Virtue* circled round,
 Fauning would Shock, and *Compliments* Confound.

Nay, he so loath'd a flatt'ring *Parasite*, 935
 Malice has *prais'd* him to his Face, in spite !

Praise, or *Dispraise*, Great Minds *alike* regard :
 GOD ! *only* GOD ! is *Virtue*'s True Reward !

As when meek *Moses*, from the Holy Hill
 Descending, brought the Great CREATOR's Will, 940
 Irradiating *Effulgence* round his Face,
 His Soul *unconscious*, beam'd celestial Grace :
 So BOULTER, to *his own* Perfections blind,
 Perceiv'd no *Beauty* in his *Life* or *Mind* !

Whate'er he did, altho' a *Thousand* Ways 945
 All Hearts he won, he never sought for *Praise* :
 But acted with such *humble Awe* of *Heav'n*,
 As doubting his *best* Works were *scarce* forgiv'n !
 And yet (so *Mercy* judg'd) *Heav'n* seldom found
 A *single* Deed on which its *Justice* frown'd. 950
 His *Frailities* might have claim'd fair *Virtue's* Name,
 And, in *another*, might have serv'd for *Fame* :
 Nay, in the Eye of *Man*, (if not of *GOD*)
 His *Faults* had less to *pardon* than *applaud* !

WITH such Humility was BOULTER bless'd, 955

Spite hop'd it was but *Pride*, with *Art* suppress'd.

But *Heav'n* his *Modesty* and *Virtues* mix'd,

As *Light* and *Flame*, when in the Ruby fix'd;

That, while the *Sun* darts there its fervent Rays,

Shoots out those Splendours which the Eyes amaze;

Yet cool and temperate reflects the Beams, 961

And shines, unmov'd with its own glorious Flames.

Oh! that the *World* could once so humbled be,

With all its *Crimes*, as, with his *Virtues*, HE!

This might atone for *Guilt*; and *God* would then

Rejoice to pardon *All* the *Sins* of *Men*! 966

To *lowly* Souls elastic Force is giv'n;

Dash'd to the *Earth*, they *bound* the more to *Heav'n*.

'T is true, some *small* Infirmities he knew;

Some *few* starv'd *Tares* 'midst his rich Harvests grew:

Anger,

Anger, or Spleen, might slightly stir his Mind, 971

(For calmest Regions sometimes feel the Wind);

But yet their lambent Fires *innocuous* shone;

And, tho' they seem'd to *threaten, injur'd* none.

So, in the *Bush* when Heav'n's bright FLAME appear'd,

Amid the Burning every Leaf was spar'd. 976

And BOULTER's Chafe of Temper only show'd,

His Soul with warm *Philanthropy* o'erflow'd :

For still (so *righteous* was the rising Flame)

It blaz'd not to *destroy*, but to *reclaim*. 980

Tyrants to *awe*, and Men *oppress'd* to *free*,

And *ease* the *Wrongs* of injur'd *Piety*.

NOR would his Sallies last ; — a peaceful *Calm*

Succeeded soon ; and *Reason* brought her Balm :

Then All was so *serene*, so *sweetly mild*, 985

At the short *Transport* Men with Pleasure *smil'd* ;

Or thought it but a requisite *Allay*,
 To *sink* his *Worth*, and shew that he could *stray* :
 Plac'd like the Slave behind the Conq'ror's Car,
 To tell him, he was *Man*, and cry, " Beware ! " 990

AND scarce this *trivial* Frailty could you find,
 'Twas mix'd amid such *Virtues* in his Mind :
 Veil'd in a Cloud of *Glory*, it appear'd
Enligh'ten'd ; and was rather *lov'd* than *fear'd* :
 It neither rose to *Rage*, nor sprang from *Pride* ; 995
 And led to *Heav'n*, tho' twas an *hasty* Guide.
 As like *Bethsaida's* Pool, he scarce was mov'd,
 But for *their* Aid, whom *Heav'n* and *he* approv'd.
 If e'er his *Wrath* transcended *Reason's* Laws,
 'Twas but *too* fierce a *Warmth* for *Virtue's* Cause : 1000
 Or if *slight* Passions on *less* Grounds broke loose,
Reflection turn'd them to the *noblest* Use ;

To

To *calm* his *Soul*, and *cool* his *fervid Zeal*,
 And make the *Saint* above the *Man* prevail ;
 With watchful Care to shun the *lightest Sin*, 1005
 And rein more *strictly* those rash Tempters in.

THUS, e'er the *Fall*, in *Eden's* holy *Shade*
 The *Lion* bounded, and the *Leopard* stray'd ;
 But *meek* and *harmless*, as they own'd the *Sway*
 Of their *high* Monarch, they forbore to *prey* : 1016
Submiss, by *his* superior *Reason* charm'd,
 Their *Rage* was Govern'd, and their *Force* Disarm'd.





MELPOMENE.



HE said—MELPOMENE, the Tragic Muse,

Whose *Sighs* soft *Sorrows* thro' the Heart
Arose: She *weeps*, as tho' her *Verse* she
Would prove a *meaner* Tribute than her *Tears*. 1016

But soon the watry Drops that drown her Eyes,
Majestic in her *Grief*, the Virgin dries.

So when the dewy *Mist* dissolves away,
The *Sun*, in Glory dress'd, restores the Day. 1020

The Symbol of her mournful Strains, the *Lute*,
She bears, whose Notes, melodious, *Sorrow* suit.

Scepters and *Crowns* lay trampled on the Ground,
'Midst Poignards recking from the fatal Wound:

Spears,

Spears, Clarions, Javelins, and the batter'd Shield,
 Arms heap'd on Arms deform'd the horrid Field. 1026

A Cypress Stole her buskin'd Feet conceal'd,
 Tho' in each Charm the *Goddess* shone reveal'd.

HIBERNIA near the Fountain lay reclin'd;
 Her *ruin'd State*, and BOULTER, fill'd her Mind. 1030

Last in the Concert, thus the Muse begun,
 And seem'd to stop the slow-descending Sun:

THUS great and good he liv'd, rever'd by All;
 Great while he stood, nor lessen'd in his Fall,
 With all the *Glories* of the World *uncharm'd*; 1035
 'Midst the *State's Troubles* *calm*, and *unalarm'd*.
 Souls form'd like *his*, still Masters of their Fate,
 In *inward Peace* find *Happiness* complete.
 'Midst the *World's Tempests*, with a brave *Disdain*,
 Like *Peter* walking on the stormy Main, 1040

Stedfast

Stedfast he strove with *Joy* to meet his *God* ;
 And o'er the *raging Surges* faithful trod.
 Hence was he *lov'd* — *so lov'd*, that, to his End,
 He never made a *Foe*, or lost a *Friend*.
Merit his Safeguard, from all *Outrage* freed, 1045
 He pass'd, while *Factions* in his *Praise* agreed,
 If thro' his Years *ONE guilty Hour* you'll name,
 No more my *honest Song* shall sound his *Fame* !
 Point out *ONE Crime*, mark *ONE deliberate Wrong*,
 And I will *blush*, and own, he liv'd *too long* ! 1050

MEN seldom Censure *well*, or *Praise aright* ;
 Their *Praise* is *Flattery*, their *Censure Spite*.
 Frequent the *truly Great* they *idly blame*,
 Whose *just, un-alter'd Conduct* merits *Fame* ; 1054
 While *Honour's Paths* their *Souls*, un-varying, tread,
 By *Virtue* urg'd, by *Resolution* led.

Thus

Thus hid to *Men*, 'midst what *they* call the *Day*,
 Unchang'd, the *Planets* ride th' ethereal Way ;
 With *equal* Beauty, and *un-bated* Force,
 Roll on the glorious Orbit of their Course: 1060
 And tho' *Men* think they cease to light the Skies,
 With the *same* Flames they ever *set* and *rise*.
 Yet BOULTER's Deeds, when search'd by *Envy's* Eye,
 Too *glorious* prov'd for *Censure* to *decry* ; 1064
 Their Splendour gleam'd with such *un-clouded* Light,
 The Monster, blind with *Radiance*, lost her Sight.
 Or, if a *Spot* she saw, too *bright* it shone ;
Spots are but fainter *Glories* in the *Sun* !

No, lovely Shade ! With *Envy Malice* join'd,
 And *wish'd* the Blemish they despair'd to *find* ! 1070
 In *vain* th' invenom'd Serpents gnaw'd the File,
 And on the solid *Temper* spu'd their *Bile*.

Oh

Oh Force of *Worth*! — let *This* thy Name adorn,
 “ The Sons of *Glory* are to *Envy* born ! ”
You Envy 'scap'd; for *Glory* you *despis'd*; 1090
 Th' Applause of *Angels* was the Fame you *priz'd* !

OH BOULTER ! he, who Here *un-censur'd* lives,
 A Proof of Heav'n-protected *Virtue* gives !
 Who, else, the *Dog-star Venom* of these Days
 Can pass, unhurt by the devouring Blaze ? 1080
 Yet GOD This Blessing kept in Store for *Thee*,
 And thro' the Flames of *Faction* brought thee free.
 Not the Three *Jews*, when in the *Furnace* cast,
 Less *blemish'd* thro' the vaulted Burning pass'd,
 Than *Thou* the raging Fury of These Times, 1085
 As safe from all their *Malice* as their *Crimes*.

YET,

Y E T, grant no Care of *Heav'n* in This was seen,
 How *lovely* must your blameless Life have been,
 That could, 'midst Evil *Tongues*, and Evil *Days*,
 Funds of *Applause* from Lands of *Slander* raise? 1090
 Your *Fame*, un-injur'd thus by venom'd Foes,
 Thine *Innocence* 'midst vicious Mortals shows :
 Since Nothing, but a Soul adorn'd like *Thine*,
 Could force this Age to own thy Life *divine*. 1094
 Thus, when, innocuous, from the Hand of *Paul*
 The Heathens saw the deadly *Viper* fall,
 The sacred Proof e'en *Infidels* applaud,
 Confess th' *Apostle*, and revere his *God*! 1098

THAT MERCY which attends to *Nations' Pray'rs*,
 And, *griev'd to punish*, still, *delighted*, *spares*; 1100
That MERCY, which Insulted, *Wrath* delays,
 Crown'd its lov'd *Saint* with a long Train of Days.

Deny'd

Deny'd to *Bliss*, God kept him *here*; and try'd
 To mend a *faithless* World before he dy'd.
 But try'd in *vain* — As Inundations round 1105
 Float the waste Plain, and slight th' opposing Mound,
 The dire Infection spread with horrid Spoil, 1110
Smil'd at his *Ardour*, and *despis'd* his *Toil*.
 Nor, thence discourag'd, ceas'd his *Care* or *Skill*;
 His *Zeal* grew *warmer* with the growing Ill. 1110
 From *Heav'n* with Strength supply'd, and undecay'd,
 Ardent he *wrote*, *preach'd*, *fasted*, *watch'd*, and *pray'd*.
 With *rising* Vigour he sustain'd his Post,
 And as his Day *declin'd* he labour'd *most*. 1114
 As the bright * Lamp, which, midst sepulchral Urns,
Un-wasted flames, altho' in *vain* it burns;

* Tho' it be disputed by Antiquaries, if the Ancients had such Things as perpetual Lamps, yet all are agreed, that they had a kind of Lamps which they plac'd in their Friends Sepulchres, which burn'd for a vast Time.

To *Darkness* raises its illustrious Head,

Glares to the *Tomb*, and blazes to the *Dead*.

He shone, endeav'ring to impart his Light 1119

To Men, whose Eyes were *clos'd*, and lov'd the *Night*:

Whom, *dead to GOD*, blind *Infidels* inflave,

Nor *Judgments* can Reform, nor *Mercy* Save !

Too *short* a while *HIBERNIA* saw thy Charms !

Too *sudden* hurry'd from her longing Arms ! 1124

Too *quickly* Lost ! and, Oh ! too *lately* Known !

You stay'd not for the *Crop* your *Toils* had sown.

You *planted*, but you *gather'd* not the *Fruit* ;

You *help'd*, but, dying, left her *destitute*.

When the *full* Joy of having you she knew,

You gave the *Blessing*, and to *Bliss* withdrew. 1130

SOON

SOON call'd away, nor lent HIBERNIA *long*,
 Loaded with *Days* *, to *her* you dy'd but *young*.
 Men *truly* Great, no Bounds to Life should know,
 But, like fair *Eden's* Trees, *fresh-blooming* grow.
 Tho' had you tarry'd to the *Thousandth* Year, 1135
 Too *quick* your mourn'd Departure would appear.

So, e'er the *Deluge* scourg'd the *Sins* of Man,
 And funk Duration to its stinted *Span*,
 Some *Patriarch*, at his *latest* Stage arriv'd,
 Who had Nine hundred annual Suns surviv'd, 1140
 In Tears beheld his mourning Lineage drown'd;
 A Croud of filial Nations weeping round;
 Who seem'd, so *lov'd* their Parent, to deplore
 He liv'd not to survive *Ten* Ages more. 1144

* He was about 76 when he died, Sept. 27. 1742.

OH! 'midst surrounding Ruins, ravish'd hence,
 Where Men live all at War with *Providence*!
 Where *you*, and *Virtue*, hurry'd off the Stage,
 No more could struggle with an *impious Age*. 114⁸
 While *Vice*, while *Infidels*, while *Crimes*, o'erwhelm
 The Times, and sink beneath their Tides the *Realm*,
Your Nerves, with more than *mortal Vigour* strong,
 Stemm'd the fierce Raging of the Torrent *long*!
 But, overpow'r'd by the *resistless Stream*,
 Heav'n took you from the Flood you could not *tame*.

THUS when *Elijah* sought the *Jews* to gain, 115⁵
 By *Dearths* and *Wonders* wrought, but wrought in *vain*.
 * Sick of the *World*, with *Toils* and *Teaching* spent,
 GOD snatch'd him hence, to grace the *Firmament*.

* Kings I. chap. 19, ver, 4.

SHE paus'd — with *Sighs* the mournful Songshe
 [clos'd, 1159
 And, graceful, by the Fountain's Verge repos'd ;
 While the green Groves, that, waving, heard her sing,
 With the faint Echoes of the Numbers ring.

INSTANT bright CLIO smil'd ; and to her Breast,
 With Transport, the illustrious Mourner prest.
 From her soft Voice persuasive Magic flows, 1165
 Her *Sighs* are sweeter than the breathing *Rose*.
 She shakes the beamy Radiance round her Head,
 And utters *Words* that us'd to raise the *Dead*.



CLIO.



C L I O.

 ISE from the Ground ! Arise, Oh Maid
[divine !
To calm the Tumults of the Soul, is *mine* !

The *Muses* all their shining Labours end,
And, *now*, the Triumphs of *thy* Voice attend.
Cease, cease, thy wretched People to deplore,
Nor sink beneath low-thoughted *Sorrows* more ! 1174
Disdain those Tears ! — begin the *lofty* Strain ;
HIBERNIA never bore the * *Harp* in *vain* !
To *mighty* Deeds attune the speaking Strings,
Let *sacred* Numbers wait on *holy* Things.

* The Arms of Ireland.

Some fav'rite *Virtue* of thy Hero chuse,

Nor this * *last* Labour of thy *Love* refuse.

1180



SHE heard — and *felt*, impetuous in her Breast,
The *Goddess*; and the Flame *divine* confess.

Sudden her Lyre she snatches from the Ground,

Soft *Harmony* the breathing Chords resound. 1184

Trembling, her mourning *Veil* she throws aside;

Her Eyes are fix'd on *Heav'n*, her Tears are dry'd.

Exalted *Transports* elevate her Mind,

She gives her *Sorrows* to the † sportive *Wind*.

* Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem.

Virg. Ecl. 10.

† Musis amicus trifitiam & metus,

Tradam protervis in mare Creticum

Portare ventis —

Hor. Carm. lib. 1. Ode 26.

Her *Voice*, her *Mien*, her *Thoughts*, are all on *Fire*,
 Smit with the *Love* which *virtuous Deeds* inspire.
 Enraptur'd with the *mighty* Theme, she brings
 Fresh-gather'd Garlands from the *Muses* Springs.
New Thoughts, *new* Images, around she pours,
 She strews her Hero's *Grave* with od'rous Flow'rs.
 Then the vast *Compafs* of her *Voice* she tries, 1195
 And, like the *Cyngnet*, *sings* before she *dies*!





HIBERNIA.


 H Muse! whose Charms allcivate *ev'ry Woe*,
 And make our Tears *delight* us, while they
 Whose *heav'ly* Joys extinguish *mean* De-
 As *solar Rays* put out our *earthly Fires*. 1200

First, in fair *Virtue's* Tribe, like goodly *Saul*,
 Amid *God's* People eminently *tall*,
 His *Charity* I chuse, above the rest,
 Blessing my *Kingdom*, by my *Kingdom* bleſt. 1204

Scarce *Heav'n* more freely *Wealth* to *BOULTER* sent,
 Than he *that* *Wealth* to my *Distresses* lent.
Un-wanted, and *un-ask'd*, *God* gave him All,
 Which, *ask'd* and *wanted*, waited on our Call.

Not

Not freer runs the *River* to the *Sea*,
 Or to the *Earth* the *Sun* imparts the *Day* ! 1210

Not freer melts the *Dew* to cool the *Ground*,
 Spreading the *Blessings* of the *Skies* around.

Not freer drop the *Show'rs*, which *Life* bestow
 To the cheer'd *Plants*, that by *Their Bounty* grow :
 Scarce freer did th' enliv'ning *Manna* fall, 1215
 When *Nations* cry'd, and *MERCY* heard their *Call* !

HE thought the *Great*, *GOD's Treasurers* below ;
 That, tho' the *Rich* may *pay*, they can't *bestow* !

Zealous to *give*, he pour'd the *golden Stream* ;
 And *gave*, till *Want* grew *rich*, and lost its *Name* !
 Yet, when he heard *Distress*, and *Sorrow*, call, 1221
 He judg'd his largest *Benefactions* *small*.

More than was *ask'd* he *gave* ; and deem'd it *mean*,
 Only to help the *Poor* — to *beg* again.

He quite *surpass'd* their timid Hopes ; and yet, 1225

Fear'd he scarce paid the *Int'rest* of his *Debt*.

He loath'd *imperfect* Mercies ; for he thought

Pity *malicious*, when *slight* Aids it brought.

And GOD, who saw His *Steward's* bounteous Mind,

A *Fortune*, great as his *large Soul* assign'd. 1230

Thus aided, 'twas *less* Wonder that he did

More Good, than in **STEARNE's* gen'rrous Will lay hid.

Than e'en from † *SMITH's*, or †† *GILBERT's* Bounty
[flow'd ;

Than || *MAUL* accomplish'd, or than ***MARSH* bestow'd.

Than

* This excellent Prelate, Dr. *John Stearne*, died very lately, June 6. 1745. and has left about 30,000*l.* to public Uses ; after a Life of universal Hospitality and Charity, and great Sums spent in several public Buildings, and a noble Library, and numberless Acts of Benevolence.

† *Erasmus Smith*, Esq; who left about 1,500*l. per Ann.* to the Founding and largely Endowing several Schools, Three Fellowships, Two Professorships, Twenty Scholarships, and Fifteen Exhibitions, to the College of *Dublin* ; and the Teaching, Maintaining, and Apprenticing, Twenty poor Boys, and several other charitable Purposes in *Ireland*.

†† The Reverend Doctor *Claudius Gilbert*, who lately left

Than my propitious ** STEVENS gave, to cure 1235

The various Ailments that afflict my Poor.

More than *Ingratitude* forgets ; nay, more
Than serves to silence *Factions* when they roar.

left a choice Collection of about 14,000 Volumes of the dearest and scarcest Books to the College Library in *Dublin* ; besides a great many Thousand Pounds to different Charities, most of them being Perpetuities.

|| The present Bishop of *Meath* ; of whose many Benefactions (as he is still living) we shall only mention here, That, by his Sollicitations, His Majesty's Charter and Bounty of 1000*l. per Ann.* as well as a large Subscription from several Noblemen, Bishops, private Gentlemen, and Clergymen, for Charity Working-Schools in *Ireland* were obtained.

** Doctor *Narcissus Marsh*, a late Primate in *Ireland*. This most excellent and learned Gentleman gave a large Estate to build, furnish, and endow, a very noble Library in *Dublin*, and several very fine Alms-houses ; besides many extraordinary Benefactions, which it would be too tedious to trouble the Reader with here.

** Dr. *Richard Stevens*, a most excellent Man, as well as a most eminent Physician ; who, with the Spirit of a Prince, rather than a private Person, founded a very large and well-regulated Hospital for the sick Poor near *Dublin*, and endow'd it with about 1000*l. per Ann.*

N. B. That Estate was left to his Sister for her Life ; but, for near these 30 Years, she gives it all to the Hospital, where she always lives ; and watches over and attends the poor Patients with inimitable Goodness.

More

More than by sick-bed Sinners is design'd ;

Yet All beneath the Bounty of his *Mind* !

1240

GIFTS sometimes seem the Wretched to *upbraid*,
When *Ostentation* damps the gen'rous Aid.

So o'er his *Bounty* oft he drew a *Screen*,

And chose to give *unseeing*, and *unseen*.

Frequent, by *Night*, commission'd Mercies came,

And Men were *freed*, like *Peter*, while they *dream*.

Oft nor the *Gift*, nor *Suff'rer*, would he know, 1247

But lov'd his Alms by *Proxy* to bestow.

By *Others* Hands to dry the *Widow's* Eyes ;

By *Others* Tongues to still the *Orphan's* Cries ; 1250

By *Others* Arts to give the Sick Relief ;

By *Others* Smiles to banish pining *Grief* ;

In *diff'rent* Forms the secret Aid to send,

And where to *give* would *shock*, appear to *lend*.

The

The near *Relation*, or the *Friend*, employ, 1255
 To veil the *Donor*, and enhanſe the *Joy*.

FROM grov'ling Souls the tortur'd Alms are wrung,
 When *Conscience* echoes to the yelling *Tongue* !

But BOULTER seem'd to beg from the *Distress'd* ;
 Nor thought, while *they* were wretched, *he* was *bless'd*,
 He sought *Admission* for his *Gifts* ; and ſu'd 1261
 To poor but modest Men, to do them *good*.

Frequent, unask'd, lost *Merit* he *preserv'd*,
 And help'd the *Learned*, that, in private, *starv'd*.

Oft begg'd of *sullen Misery* to show, 1265
 Why it sunk down beneath the *nameleſs* *Woe*.

Each *hidden Haunt* of *Trouble* fought to find,
 Where lurking *Sorrow* mourn'd, or *Anguiſh* pin'd.

To ſave the *Shame* of the *induſtrious Poor*,
 Unknown, he enter'd oft the *Cottage-Door* : 1270

Heard

Heard all the moving Tale of *Want* and *Woe*,
 And taught his Eyes with *lowly* Griefs to flow.
 And, when the long-conceal'd Distress was told,
 Bade them be *secret*, and divide his Gold.

CROUDS he thus help'd; yet search'd out *more*, for
 Some lost, God might reproach his Want of *Care*. 1276

He seem'd to think (so ardently he gave)

It was a sort of *Sacrilege* to *save*.

He form'd kind Plots of *Charity* so fast,

As doubting *ev'ry* Gift would be his *last*: 1280

Or *Heav'n* might call him home *unwarn'd*, and find
 Some of its Talents *unbestow'd* behind.

And yet he squander'd *nothing*, as he knew,

Tho' *large* his Treasure, he had *much* to do:

And, provident, would husband well his Store, 1285

Giving the *less*, that he might give to *more*.

He saw, that *Over-bearing* Kills the Tree,
 So *prun'd* and *check'd* his wide-spread *Charity* :
 Fearful, if *once* they lost his aiding Hand,
Ruin and *Want* would overwhelm my Land. 1290

So, when, at *Rephidim*, the *Israelite*
 With *Amalek* engag'd in doubtful Fight,
 As the great *Prophet's* Hands were *rais'd*, or *fell*,
 The *Jews* were *sore oppress'd*, or *prosper'd* well :
 On *them*, suspended, hung the People's *Fate*, 1295
 The *Weal*, or *Ruin*, of the tott'ring State.

LOVE consecrates the Alms that Men bestow,
 And makes each *Mole-hill* like a *Mountain* show.
 Yet *many* give to Others, tho' the *Soul*
 Is quite *untouch'd*, nor mingles with the *Dole*. 1300
 Not *so* gave BOULTER ; for his Heart, humane,
Doubled each Alms, by sharing ev'ry *Pain*.

Bleeding for Sorrows, which *his* Hand remov'd,
 The Wretched found they were both *help'd* and *lov'd*.
 While, social, he partook of each *Distress*, 1309
 And grew *more happy*, as he made it *less*.

NOR liv'd his *Charity* immur'd at *home*,
 But oft in *distant Regions* lov'd to roam :
 Searching the *Globe*, this *Factor* for his *God*
 Spy'd out the Wants of *foreign Realms* abroad. 1310
 And as for *Gain* the anxious *Trader* plies,
 Thro' various *Oceans*, and remoter *Skies* ;
 'Midst *burning Climates* spreads his swelling Sails,
 And courts, to reach a distant *World*, the Gales ;
 So BOULTER aim'd, with *ceaseless* Toils, to find 1315
 New Realms, to *trade* for *Heav'n*, and Bless *Man-kind*.

To

To * Indian Coasts his *Cares*, his *Bounties*, spread,
 And taught the *Savage*, whom he cloath'd and fea.
 No more *Barbarians*, but a gentle Race,
 They *bless* their **BOULTER** for the Aids of *Grace*!
 While *Light* and *Letters* thro' their Forests shine,
 And Worlds, reform'd, proclaim his *Gifts divine*! 1322

PARENT of *Sin*! infernal Thirst of *Gold*!
 For *you* (accurs'd!) how *cheaply* **HEAV'N** is sold!
 For *you*, Above, Below, what *Joys* are lost; 1325
 And Half th' eternal Scheme of *Mercy* crost?
 What social Calls of *Nature* are deny'd?
 For *you*, *Humanity* is laid aside!
 Their *Hearts* they *harden*, and their *Souls* they *steel*,
 Forbear to *pity*, and forget to *feel*! 1330

* His Contributions to that excellently contriv'd, and as well manag'd Scheme, for Propagating the Gospel in foreign Parts.

For you, the *native* Throbbings of the Breast
 For others Woes, are *banish'd*, or *supprest* !
 Their *nobleſt* Passions Men, deprav'd, *subdue* ;
 And all for *Gold* ! accursed *Gold* ! for You !

YET what is *Wealth*, Oh *Virtue* ! weigh'd with
 To Calming *Grief*, or Soothing *Misery* ? 1336
 [Thee !

Oh ! what is *Wealth*, to Shielding the *Oppress'd*,
 And making Crouds of suff'ring *Wretches* Bleſt ?

To Rising up in injur'd *Worth's* Defence,
 And Banishing the Sighs of *Innocence* ? 1340

To Drying up the Tears that *Mourners* shed,
 To Smoothing the *diseas'd* and *restless* Bed ?

To Bidding wasteful *Dearths* no more destroy ?
 To Making *Widows* *Hearts* to sing for *Joy* ?

To Easing *Burdens*, which my People load ? 1345

To Helping *Thousands*, and to Pleasing *GOD* ?

Pierc'd thro' with *Grief*, she stopp'd — The dying
 Was in the bursting Stream of Sorrow drown'd. [Sound]

Rack'd with the Thought, upon the Grass she falls,
 On *Heav'n*, on *Earth*, on *God*, and *Man*, she calls.

She faints — the living Light forsakes her Eyes: 1351

Griev'd, and amaz'd, the friendly *Muses* rise:

These lift the dying Fair-one from the Ground;

Some chafe her Temples; *some* stand weeping round:

These with their Garments fan the Air; and *these*

Open her Breast, and bend her to the Breeze: 1356

Some from the neighb'ring Fountain Water bring,

And sprinkle on her Face the gelid Spring:

When, spent and languid, from her Swoon she *wakes*,

And CLIO, thus, the mournful Maid bespeaks. 1360





C L I O.



H! Nurs'd in *Cares*! and Born to *Sorrows*!
 [smile!
Glad Tidings!--STANHOPE soon shall rule
 [thine Isle:
 E'en *now* the News flew grateful thro' the
 [Skies;

E'en *now* they bid a CHESTERFIELD arise!

Instant arriv'd This *Tablet* from the *Sun*, 1365

“ Thy *Woes* are Ended, and thy *Joys* Begun !”

With *Transport*, then, the Theme you chose, pursue;

For *he* was born, to serve the *World* and *You* !

He *comes* ! the *Muses* mighty *Lord*, and *Friend* !

He *comes* ! thy *Sorrows*, and *our own*, to end ! 1370

Raise ! raise ! at his auspicious *Name*, your Head !

Nor mourn, *uncomforted*, for BOULTER dead.

While

While This great *Patron* of Mankind repairs
That Loss, and lightens, by his Love, your Cares.

Not with more *Zeal* the *Angel* flies, to save 1375
Kingdoms from *Plagues*, and *Nations* from the *Grave*,
 Than *he*, commission'd from his *King*, shall *haste*,

To stop the *Woes* which lay thine *Island* *waste*.

Where-e'er he comes, as *Phœbus* runs his *Race*,
The Seasons change, and *Summer* giids the *Place*.

Trouble, and *Grief*, avoid his *chearing Eye*; 1381
 Or hear his *Voice*, like *David's* *Lyre*, and *fly*.

As, at thy *Saint's* *Command*, indulg'd by *Heav'n*,
 All *Serpents* from thy suff'ring *Isle* were driv'n ;
 So will his *Government* the *Era* be 1385
 Of *Ills* remov'd, and *Health* restor'd to *thee* !

HIBERNIA heard—*Joy*, dancing in her Veins,
 Leap'd up, and dy'd her Face with crimson Stains.
 Fix'd in her *Eyes* the Soul's quick *Lightnings* gleam;
 To Heav'n the *Muses* wing their loud Acclaim. 1390
 All the strong *Passions* in her Bosom roll,
 And, like conflicting Earthquakes, shake the Soul.
 She *sighs*---she *smiles* ---- she *weeps* ---- then strikes the
 And thus her Song resum'd its genial Fire: 1394
 [Lyre:



HIBER-



H I B E R N I A.



OLL *swift*, ye *Hours*, that bring my
 Shine bright, ye *Seasons*, thro' the smiling
 Subside, ye *Waves*, and smooth the *Crystal*
 Blow soft, ye *Winds*, that waft him o'er the *Sea*!

[STANHOPE here!]

[Year!]

[Way!]

Muses, prepare your *Songs* ! With all your *Charms*,
Hallow the *Day* that brings him to my *Arms* ! 1400

Oh ! *welcome* hither That *exalted Mind* !

The *Friend* of *Merit*, and of *Humankind* !

And *Thou*, O STANHOPE ! form'd to *please*, and *bless* ;
 To *pity* prompt ; and *zealous* to *redress* !

Here *listen*, emulous, to BOULTER's *Praise* ; 1405

Who lov'd, like *thee*, afflicted *Worth* to raise.

Nor slight this Portrait of a *kindred* Mind,
 To rescue Nations from *Distress* design'd.
 And *You*, my *Sons*! (if you *deserve* the Name)
Vipers, that *tear* the *Womb* from whence you *came*!
You, who ne'er felt the *heav'nly* Joy, to *Give*; 1411
 Nor knew their *Bliss*, who *human Ills* relieve!
 Whose Hearts ne'er *yearn'd* to see your Country's *Woes*!
Untouch'd by *Raptures*, which the *Patriot* knows!
Unmov'd by all the *Ruins* which you *cause*; 1415
 Yet grudge not BOULTER's *Deeds* their due *Applause*;
 But *bear* these Lays a little, while I dwell
 On what my Soul, enraptur'd, loves *so well*.

SUCH was his *Bounty*; tho' his Stores were *large*,
 They *scarcely* could support so *vast* a Charge; 1420
 But that by *lesser* Springs the Stream was fed,
 Which thro' mine Isle its fruitful Current spread.

As

As *Kings*, who neighb'ring Realms oppress'd relieve,
 By *righteous Leagues*, proportion'd *Aids* receive ;
 So BOULTER, thirsting to assist us *more*, 1425
 By kind *Supplies*, repair'd his wasting Store.
Some in this Treasury of the Temple threw
 The secret *Corban*, and, conceal'd, withdrew.
 On *others* his divine Persuasion gain'd 1429
 To lend their *Drops*, while BOULTER's Mercies *rain'd*.
 He drew my *high-rais'd* Peers to look with *Scorn*
 On the vain *Pomp* and *State* to which they're born ;
 To slight the *Wealth* and *Splendour* that misguide
 The *Fools* of *Fortune*, and the *Slaves* of *Pride* :
 Unless unweary'd *Love* of *Humankind* 1435
 Shone out, and spoke a *truly* noble Mind !
 The *stately Robe* he bade the Fair decline,
 And think, *To cloathe the Naked* made her *fine*.

To *flint* his *Feasts*, he taught the *Epicure* ;
 And, with *diminish'd Riot*, feed the *Poor*. 1440
 Rich *Sect'ries* learn'd to *give*, who thought, till *then*,
 Some *Pray'r's* to *God* might save their *Alms* to *Men*.
 Such Eloquence adorn'd his melting *Tongue*,
 Th' extorted *Hoard* from *Avarice* he wrung.
 He won the *Usurer* to risque his *Pence*, 1445
 And take a *Mortgage* upon *PROVIDENCE* :
 While, from his *stony Heart*, like *Drops of Blood*,
 Enforc'd, he drew the Bounty he bestow'd.

THUS, in the *Wilderness*, when *Israel* cry'd
 For quenching Streams, which the parch'd Sands deny'd,
 The holy *Prophet*, by his *God's Command*, 1451
 Spoke to the *Rock*, and clove it with his *Wand* :
 From the pierc'd *Flint* the murmur'ring *Waters* burst,
 And the faint Nation slak'd their burning *Thirst*.

SMALL were these Helps; yet as the Widow's
 [Cruise
 Swell'd, in proportion to its daily Use; 1456

God seem'd to multiply his holy Store,
 And lent the faster as he gave the more.

The Ocean of his *Alms*, when ebbing low,
 Fell but to *rise*, and only *sunk* to *flow*. 1460

For seldom was his Fund so *deeply* drain'd,
 But *something* to relieve my Sons remain'd ;
 Tho' if, by chance, he *stinted* his Supply,
 And gave but *little*, when the Stream was *dry*,
 Yet God, delighted with his eager *Zeal*, 1465
 Made his few *Fishes* seem a *plenteous Meal*.

THUS, ever *bounteous*, his Indulgence staid
 Each growing *Ill*, that on my People prey'd.
 He judg'd such Benefits to *Mortals* giv'n,
 Was but a *Land-Tax* paid by *Earth* to *Heav'n* : 1470

That

That what was spent in *Charity* alone,
 Is all the Wealth the Wise can call *their own* :
 And *Alms* the *only* Treasure we can save ;
 The rest——an Hoard for* *Strangers* and the *Grave* !
Gold, as his *Slave*, not as his *Lord*, he priz'd; 1475
 Yet nobly us'd the *Vassal* he *despis'd* ;
 To *ease* those *Evils* which he could not *cure*,
 And *soften* half the *Sorrows* Men endure.

Y E T, where his *Wealth* could never reach, his *Cares* .
 Swift flew, to *sooth* our *Wants*, and *calm* our *Fears*.
Despair grew *cheerful*, when it heard his *Name*, 1481
 And *slept* in *Peace*, while BOULTER bless'd the *Dream*.
 The *Hope* of falling *soon* beneath his *Eye*,
 Cast a faint Gleam of *Joy* on *Misery*.

* Posterity, and Funeral-Expences.

For there's a kind of *Blessing* in *Distress*, 1485

When *Suff'rings* are *sure Roads to Happiness*.

As, from *bad Climates*, banish'd *Wretches*, sent

Abroad to *better*, *bless* their *Punishment* ;

And, chear'd by *warmer Suns*, and *calmer Skies*,

Find *Pleasures* from their former *Woes* arise : 1490

So, from the dire *Oppressions* of *Mankind*,

Men, forc'd, for *Refuge*, to his *Godlike Mind*,

Cloath'd, help'd, sustain'd, from his *extended Store*,

Rejoic'd, that *Ruin* had but rais'd them *more*.

BUT why on *single Sorrows* do I dwell ? 1495

Throng'd Mischiefs, rushing in, my *Numbers* swell.

Ye *sacred Sisters* ! teach the *Song* to flow ;

Oh ! lend me All the *Eloquence* of *Woe* !

To paint the *Vengeance* of an *angry GOD*,

And *Nations* *sinking* underneath His *Rod* ! 1500

When

When *Plagues*, and *Famines*, with a wide-stretch'd
 [Hand,
 Scatter'd *Destruction*, and laid waste my Land:

Till BOULTER's *Pray'r's* and *Zeal* the Storm asswag'd,
 That o'er the Heads of guilty *Millions* rag'd.

The *Plague* sent out, was by This * *AARON* staid,
 Who rush'd between the *Living* and *Dead*. 1506
 The *Famine* came, but, by His *Cares*, withdrew :
 For, with the *Dearth*, GOD sent This † *JOSEPH* too.

INVERTED Seasons Heav'n's wak'd *Wrath* pro-
 [claim'd ;
 And *Tempests*, by th' *ALMIGHTY*'s *Breath* inflam'd.
 Forth issu'd, *arm'd*, All *Evils* Men can bear, 1511
Want, *Cold*, and *Fear*, allianc'd to *Despair*.
Legions of *Woes*, embattled *Grief* and *Pain*,
 Began the *Slaughter*, and o'er-ran the Plain.

* *Numbers*, chap. xvi. ver. 48. † *Genesis*, chap. xli. ver. 43.

With furious Rage the mingled *Ruins* spread, 1515
 Mow'd down the *young*, nor spar'd the *hoary Head*.
Youth droop'd, like *Roses* blighted in their *Prime*;
 The *Old* seem'd *Statues* long decay'd by *Time*: 1510
 They liv'd each Moment to their *Graves* in *Debt*,
Condemn'd, altho' *unexecuted* Yet. 1520

THE barren *Land* forgot her *Fruits* to yield; 1521
 In *vain* they *plow'd*; for *God* had *curs'd* the *Field*.
 The lab'ring *Hind* forbore to trust his *Spade*,
 And us'd it only when some *Grave* was made. 1522
 They cry'd to *Heav'n*; but *Heav'n* disdain'd their
 And left the *Sinner* to his own *Despair*. 1526
 [Pray'r,
 Scourg'd for their *early Crimes*, the *Children* spread
 Their *Hands* on high, and howl'd in *vain* for *Bread*!
Wild, as their *Wants*, Men sought for *Food* around;
 For *noxious Roots* they tore the *faithless* *Ground*.

Herbs, Weeds, and Grass, they plunder'd from the
 [Beasts ;
 While *Tears for Salt*, supply'd their horrid Feasts.

They search'd for *Acorns* thro' the devious Wood ;
 Of *Hips* and *Haws* they form'd a *savage* Food ;
 By *nightly* Stealth the blooded *Ox* they drain, 1535
 And close, in *secret*, the exhausted Vein ;
 Then, drink it reeking from the purple Bowl,
 And glut the daring Hunger of the Soul.

They robb'd the *Birds of Berries* from the *Bri'r*,
 Keen were their *Appetites*, their *Wants* were dire.
 Fierce as the famish'd *Bear* beneath the *Pole*, 1541
 They rang'd the *Bays* where stormy Oceans roll.
 There, putrid *Fish*, ejected from the Flood,
 Half-broil'd they eat, nor loath'd the hideous Food.
Mussels, and *Limpets*, rotted on the Shore,
 They gnaw'd, and ravag'd Rocks and Sands for *more*.

Nay,

Nay, Crouds on Beasts corrupted Carrions fed,
Of noisome *Plagues*, and fetid *Murrains*, dead. 1548

HENCE *Fevers*, leagu'd with *Famines*, swept away
Whole *Towns* and *Tribes*, an undistinguish'd Prey.
In *Heaps* they fell; th' impov'rish'd *Suckling* prest,
With livid Gums, the dying *Mother's Breast*. 1452
Forlorn, and lost, the gasping *Widow* lies,
Without *One* friendly Hand to close her Eyes.
Here, *homeless* Wretches rob the Hedge for *Fire*, 1555
Faint in the Field, and o'er the Flame *expire*:
While Others, pierc'd by the inclement *Air*,
Perish by *Cold*, and *Hunger*, and *Despair*.
With *Passion* wild, for *speedy Death* Some pray'd;
For *Life* was, *then*, but *Death* too *long* delay'd. 1560
While *some*, to *prop* faint *Nature* fondly strove,
As if with *Pain*, and *Want*, and *Woe*, in Love.

Round their dead *Parents* starving *Orphans* cry'd,
Kiss'd their cold *Lips*, and, helpless, *pin'd* and *dy'd*.
 The *Infant* wanted Strength to burst the *Womb*, 1565
 And in the Mother's *Bowels* found its *Tomb*.
 Nations *unborn* were sacrific'd to Death ;
 Or, if they sprang to *Being*, gasp'd for Breath.

HERE BOULTER's Soul in its full Lustre shone;
 (Death was in *Haste*, and *half* his Work was done)
 Absorb'd, and swallow'd, in the *public* Woe, 1571
 His Tears for *private* Sorrows ceas'd to flow.
 This *Outcast* of the *World* ! and *Trade's Despair* !
 This *Realm* of *Ruins* ! call'd out all his *Care*.
 He pray'd to Heav'n, yet *mingled*, while he *pray'd*,
 With daily Orisons the plenteous *Aid*. 1576
 This *Father* of the *Poor*, propitious, fed
 Un-number'd Wretches with sustaining Bread.

His

His Stores were lavish'd round; his gen'rous Hand
 Supply'd the *sinking Remnant* of the Land. 1580
Unbounded, unrestrain'd, his Bounties flow'd;
 To *helpless Thousands, Thousands* he bestow'd.
Unlimited, the show'ring Mercies fell,
 Like *Rains*, that *Afric's* raging Heats dispel;
 Countless as *Flow'rs*, that grace the splendid Plain,
 When *Spring* sets out with all her liv'ry'd Train. 1586
 From *wiser* * Realms he brought the Corn they hoard,
 And *Health* and *Plenty* by his Cares restor'd.
 With needful Food the hungry Crouds he feasts,
 The *Fields* his *Tables*, and a *Realm* his *Guests!* 1590

JUST Heav'n! whene'er Thy waken'd Wrath begins
 To visit with *such* Dearth's my People's *Sins*,

* *It is to be lamented, that, tho' Granaries (especially in Dublin, Cork, and Belfast, to name no more) are so absolutely necessary to the Well being of Ireland, they have never been establish'd by Law.*

Oh! send (the temper'd Judgment to asswage)
 Souls form'd like *his*, to mitigate its Rage!
 We *sink*, if *Justice* should such Aids deny, 1595
 Which only *such a Boulter* can supply.

So *Nile's* o'erflowing Floods Thy Mercy lent,
 The Sun-scorch'd *Ægypt's* Famines to prevent.
 Sudden, where-e'er they run, her burning Sands
 Are turn'd to fertile Fields, and fruitful Lands. 1600
 But, if Thy Vengeance once those Tides restrains,
Heat dries her Furrows, and lays waste her Plains!

NOR stopp'd his Goodness *here* — the *Debtor* too
 From the dark *Dungeon*, and *Despair*, he drew.
 Beneficent, he unbarr'd the * Prison-door, 1605
 And, from their *Wants* and *Debts*, reliev'd the Poor.

* *He paid the Debts of Numbers of poor Creatures who were confin'd for small Sums by their inhuman Creditors.*

GOD

God to lost *Ægypt* once the *Hebrew* gave,
Ordain'd the State from wasteful Dearth to save :
But yet he bargain'd with the Crouds he fed,
And *Bondage* was the stated Price of *Bread*: 1610
But *BOULTER*, acting with a *nobler* View,
To *Food* unpurchas'd added *Freedom* too:
From *Want*, and *Chains*, at once he set them free,
And gave them more than *Life* in *Liberty*! 1614

NUMBERS some short-liv'd kind Reliefs bestow:
Those Flow'rs, fresh-pluck'd, smell *sweet*, but cannot
[grow:
A transient Aid to lasting Want they bring:
These give the * *Cup* of Water, *be* the *Spring*.
He knew the noblest Art of Bounty lay,
In op'ning Sources that could ne'er *decay*. 1620

* St. Mark, Chap. ix. Ver. 41.

That, ever flowing with a large Increase,
 Roll on incessant their perennial Race ;
 Doom'd to enrich my Land, when *India's* Stores,
 Exhausted, boast no more their shining Ores.

And thus were BOULTER's Legacies design'd 1625

A Bank of Alms, to help and bless Mankind.

These, while he prun'd his spreading Wings for Heav'n,
 With his last Breath, were to my *Children* giv'n :
 His Soul's *true Pictures*, where parental Zeal,
 Prompted by *Wisdom*, watch'd the public Weal : 1630
 Ordain'd to late Successions to descend,
 And but with the expiring World to end.

OH ! Bless'd on *Earth* beyond the human Race !
 Oh ! Rais'd in *Heav'n* to some distinguish'd Place !
 Say, from that shining Mansion of the Blest, 1635
 Where thy long *Toils* are paid with endless *Rest* ;

Where

Where thou, with *Pity*, must our *Madness* see,
 And, *almost*, grieve for *Us*, as *We* for *Thee* ;
 Say, What's th' Amount of All this World *adores*,
 Our gather'd *Treasures*, and our hoarded *Stores*? 1640
 What Value bear the Sinner's purchas'd Lands,
 When, stripp'd, before his awful *God* he stands ?
 Is *Justice* to be *brib'd*? Are *Pardons* sold
There, as at *Rome*? and *Sins* redeem'd by *Gold*?
 Sound *loud* the sacred *Truths*, that Men may know
 The Value of their wild Pursuits below. 1646
 Speak with thy wonted Force to pierce the Heart,
 Till Wretches at their strange Delusions start :
 And, when the Folly of their Ways they see,
 Despise This World for *endless Bliss*, like *Thee* ! 1650

OH! Mortals, what are all your Labours here ?
 And the wild Tumult of the circling Year ?

Whose Prospects with the short-liv'd Rose decay,
 Whose *Whole of Bliss* is in the *present Day* !
Wealth, by long *Toils*, you struggle to obtain, 1655
 Yet find it got with *Care*, and kept with *Pain* !
Lands join'd to *Lands*, in vain you haste to buy,
 Poor Reptiles ! born to *leave* them, and to *die* !
 You purchase but an *Inn*, where all your Stay
 Is but the weary *Minutes of a Day* ! 1660
 Behold ! the summ'd up Cares of Humankind !
 They * sow a *Tempest*, and they reap the *Wind* !
 Then, after all their *senseless* Labours past,
Death seizes the repining Fools at last :
 When, forc'd to lay the Burden down they bore, 1665
 Toss'd in loud Storms, by Night, upon the Shore,
 The shipwreck'd Merchants, with their Treasures lost,
 Run howling round the dark and dreadful Coast !

* Hosea, chap. viii. ver. 20,

S P E A K , B O U L T E R ! from the blushing Clouds pro-
 Is *Wealth* an *Honour*, or is *Want* a *Shame* ? 1670
 [claim,

That thus Men labour here beneath the Sun ;

And, wretched live, to die at last *undone* ?

Is not *One* gen'rous Action valu'd more

In Heav'n, than all the Hoarder's boasted Store ?

Speak, that the griping Wretch, whose narrow Soul,

Within this burrow'd Earth, outworks the Mole,

May lift to Heav'n his *darken'd* Eyes, and try 1677

To lay up Treasures in those Worlds on high :

There wing, by *Charity*, the Soul humane,

Where Deeds of *Mercy* Endless *Mercies* gain ! 1680



SHE ceas'd—unwilling yet to end the Song,
 For LOVE and GRIEF ne'er think their Praises *long* ;
 While all the *Nine*, indulgent to her Woe,
 Saw Sorrow's rapid Stream redundant flow.
 In Symphony her wretched State they sung : 1685
 Trembled the Hills, with Groans the Valleys rung :
 The dropping Clouds wept Floods that mix'd with
 [*Theirs*],
 And sabled Heav'n the Sign of Mourning wears :
 Till the dun *Night*, in gloomy Shadows drest,
 That lulls all Passions of the Soul to Rest, 1690
 Clos'd the sad Scene ; when the united Choir
 Swift to their Guardian CHESTERFIELD retire.
 Soaring above the Earth, at once they rise,
 And on expanded Pinions cleave the Skies :

As

As shining *Meteors* they adorn the Night, 1695

And reach his Palace with the dawning Light:

They bring HIBERNIA to the social Dome,

Their known Recefs, and long-frequented Home:

By *Truth* and *Honour* welcom'd at the Gate,

With Joy they lead her round her new Retreat. 1700

Like *him*, they flight the *Palace*, to survey

The Room, where all the *Works* of *Genius* lay:

There the bright Labours of the learned *Dead*,

By *Intuition*, in some *Moments* read:

The hidden Treasures of their STANHOPE's Pen 1705

They read for *Hours*; — then *smile*, and read *again*.

Then, fir'd with Transport, to his *Presence* flew,

And bid their *Sorrows*, while *He* lives, adieu!





ESERTED by the tuneful *Nine*, the Song

D Must, prompted by *my Heart*, the Theme
[prolong.
The *Spider*, never form'd to sail the Skies,

From its own *Bowels* spins its * Thread, and flies. 1712

Unaide thus, of BOULTER let me sing,

And trace his Virtues to their sacred Spring:

For sure as plastic Nature loves to tie

1715

All Animals that *swim* to those that *fly*

By the wing'd *Fish*; as *Bats* join *Bird* to *Beast*,

And *Apes* seem but the *Negro* Line defac'd;

* Vide Lowthorp's Philosophical Transactions, for *Spiders* flying by the Help of the Thread they shoot out. Vol. II. p. 794, to p. 796.

As

As all the Ranks of Being knit remain,
 Nor burst, abrupt, the Links in GOD's Great Chain ;
 So there's an *higher* Species of Mankind, 1721
 By which to *Angels Men* below are join'd :
 And *such* was BOULTER — like our STANHOPE,
[blest]
 With ev'ry *Virtue* of the human Breast !
 With ev'ry *Charm* that makes Men *truly* Great, 1725
 With *Worth*, to save a *vicious, falling* State !
 Like him, the *Bulwark* of a *Realm* he stood,
Fix'd, and *immoveable*, in *doing Good* !
 Kind, as *true Friends*, by *various Trials* known ;
 Bounteous, as *Kings*, when first they mount the Throne ;
 Zealous, as *Saints*, for *Truth's eternal Cause* ; 1731
 As *just* as *CATO*, dying for the *Laws* :
 Knowing, as *Seraphs*, whom their *MAKER's Love*
 Exalts, to rule illumin'd Worlds above :

Yet

Yet guiltless, as the *Infants*, that begin 1735

And end their Lives in *Smiles*, before they *sin*:

Gentle, as *Heav'n* to penitential *Tears*;

And faithful, as expiring *Anch'rets Pray'rs*:

Humble, as *Merit* under *Envy's Rod*;

True, as a suff'ring *Martyr* to his *God*: 1740

Temp'rare, as * *Caloirs* in their pensive Cells;

Calm, as the *Virgin's Breast*, where *Virtue* dwells:

Watchful, as *Vestals* o'er the sacred *Flame*;

And fond of All Things that are *good*, — but *Fame*.

OH ! that *such* Men their Course so *soon* should end !

Like *Comets* rise, and, strait obscur'd, *descend* ! 1746

Who might, thro' various Ages, *clear* our *Sight*,

And lend our *darken'd* *Globe* their *living* *Light*.

* *A Kind of Greek Monks, remarkable for their abstemious Life, and the rigid Fasts they observe thro' the greatest Part of the Year.*

Tho' late they rise, too quick their Flames expire,
And, rapid, into Worlds unknown retire. 1750

E'er yet the *Flood* this guilty *Earth* had drown'd,
God fix'd to human Life a stated Bound :
Crimes thrave by lengthen'd *Years*, and Heav'n decreed,
None that appointed Period should exceed.

But, had that Law to *Sinners* been confin'd, 1755
Nor in the Penalty the *Righteous* join'd,
BOULTER a *Patriarch*'s Days had liv'd, and seen
A *World* decaying, and *his Glories green*.

OH ! snatch'd from Times where not a Muse sur-
To lengthen out the Days of mighty Lives : 1760
[vives,
Where *none*, protracting Nature's Doom, prolong
Thy Racc thro' Ages, by a *deathless Song* !
High Merit never should the World adorn,
Without some *Pindar* to record it born.

But

But *Nature's* at her Ebb; or *wisely* sees, 1765

Exalted Genius suits not Times like *These*:

Where *Fame* Despis'd, and *Glory* in *Disgrace*,

Grandeur and *Wealth* usurp fair *Virtue's* Place.

YET, till some *Muse* immortalize the *Great*,

Slight are their Honours *here*, and *short* their Date.

Verse Only can their dying Names prolong, 1771

For *Glory* blooms perennial with the *Song*.

E'en mighty *Empires* fall like *private Men*,

Nor live to *Fame*, but by the *Poet's Pen*.

The Chiefs of *Greece* and *Troy* had dy'd *unknown*,

With all their Hopes of *high Renown* o'erthrown,

But that in *HOMER's* Song reviv'd they shine, 1777

And borrow Laurels from the Bard *divine*.

THE *Muse* Alone can triumph o'er the *Grave*,
 And from *Oblivion* shield the *Great* and *Brave*.
 Aided by *her*, in ev'ry Age and Clime, 1781
 The World's great Worthies mock th' Assaults of *Time*.
Less, by her Arms, than MARO's matchless Strains,
Rome held the subjugated World in Chains.
 Tho' sunk her *Empire*, still the mighty *Name*, 1785
 Triumphant in the Verse is crown'd by *Fame*.
 But, in these *last*, these *much degen'rate* Days,
 As *few* can *merit*, *few* can *write*, true *Praise*.
Heroes and *Bards* alike are *thinly* sown,
 They shine by *Trifles*, or they sink *unknown*. 1790
 And if, like BOULTER, some *great* Soul arise,
 He *lives* to *Heav'n*, but to the *World* he *dies* !

THE * Ancients only had the Secret found,
 To keep their *Dead* from Putrefaction found :

* All Antiquaries are agreed, that the Romans had this
 Art as well as the Ægyptians.

Embalm'd

Embalm'd in Odours lay the long-deceas'd, 1795

By *Death* Unhurt, by *Ages* Undefac'd :

And when their Bards would Deeds renown'd rehearse,

The featur'd Heroes vouch'd the faithful Verse.

But now our *Mem'ries*, with our *Bodies*, rot!

Wept for an *Hour*, then *bury'd*, and *forgot*. 1800

Our poor *Remains* and *Names* alike decay,

And a *long Night* succeeds our short dull *Winter's Day*!

YET, O illustrious Shade ! if Rhymes like *these*
 Can hope to *live* — can hope to *live* and *please*,
 (Vain, idle Thought !) *thy* Name in ev'ry Line, 1805

The *foremost* in the Lists of *Fame* should shine!

While, grateful to succeeding Times, I'd hand

The *Man*, who *fav'd* and *bles'd* my native Land !

If not — if doom'd to everlasting Night,

Is All that Moderns *act*, or Moderns *write* ; 1810

If

If e'en a HARRINGTON's distinguish'd Name
 Must on a *single* Age depend for *Fame*,
 Yet shall these Lines like Gladiators come
 To grace thy *Fall*, and *perish* round thy Tomb.
Worthless Themselves, *thy* Worth they'll thus adorn,
 And, dying, shew their Zeal for *him* they mourn. 1815

OH! for a Strain like these my *Tears* to flow !
 Whose ev'ry Word might speak a *Kingdom's* Woe ;
 And, pregnant with the Griefs of *Millions*, tell
 How *lov'd* he *liv'd*, and how *deplor'd* he *fell* ! 1820
 Oh! for the Language of the Soul, that starts,
 In Bursts of *Passion*, from *afflicted* Hearts !
Love's Sighs ! *Oppression's* Tears ! *Distraction's* Cries !
 Whatever racks the *Breast*, or drowns the *Eyes* !
 That *distant* Regions may our *Sorrows* share, 1825
 Too heavy for a *single* Land to bear !

Whose Loss in BOULTER has distress'd her more,
Than *Plagues*, and *Storms*, and *Famines*, did before!

SUDDEN, and *quick*, the dreadful Ruin fell ;
No *Lightning* did the darted Bolt foretell : 1830
No *whisper'd Fears* the fatal Loss fore-run ;
One Moment found us *happy*, and *undone* !
No *Time* was giv'n, lest *Mis'ry* might prepare
To wrest him from his *op'ning Heav'n* by *Pray'r*.
When *GOD* has some *portentous Work* in Hand, 1835
And sends His *Woes* to purge a *guilty Land* ;
As *Storms* refine the *Air*, *Presages* show
Some *Signals*, that denote the *coming Blow* ;
Tempests burst out, or glaring *Meteors* shine,
And *flame*, expressive of the *Wrath* divine : 1840
But *this* o'erwhelming Sorrow came *alone*,
Big with a Weight of Troubles, All its *own* :

No *Signs* to mark our Doom ; but all was seen,
 Beyond their * Season, *awfully serene* :
 And, e'er the Angels brought him on his Way, 1845
 They *bush'd* the *Winds*, and made the *Skies* look *gay*.

THUS oft, when *Earthquakes* hasten to intomb
Cities, and *Regions*, in their dreadful Womb ;
 E'er the burst Globe convulsive Palsies rock.
 † *Calms*, still as *Death*, precede the horrid Shock :
 Till, all at once, the gaping Ruins rise, 1851
 And in the Gulph a sinking People lies.

* Alluding to the remarkable fine Weather preceding his Death.

† Naturalists observe that great *Calms* frequently precede *Earthquakes*. The Reason on which that Observation is grounded, namely, the Multitude of Vapours then pent up in the Earth, needs no Explanation.

Ah ! wretched Isle, *long exercis'd in Woes !*

When ! when shall all thy Troubles find Repose ?

Not All the *Tempests* that around thee roar, 1855

Not All the *Waves* that thunder on thy Shore ;

Tho' turn'd to yelling *Sighs*, and gushing *Tears*,

Could speak *enough* thy *Loss*, thy *Sins*, thy *Fears* !

When *Pity* Hears, and *Innocence* Complains, 1859

Soft should the *Numbers* glide, and *smooth* the *Strains* :

But Oh ! *what* Sounds shall shake the lab'ring Song,

Where *Grief* lies *heavy*, and where *Guilt* grows *strong* ?

Where a whole *Kingdom's Crimes* *God's Anger* urge,

And *Justice* rouses to resume the *Scourge* ! 1864

Tremble, poor Isle ! since *BOULTER's* now *no more* !

Prepare for *coming Plagues*, reserv'd in *Store* !

For as, lest *Heav'n's* dread *Vengeance* should consume

The favour'd Lot, involv'd in *Sodom's* *Doom* ;

While

While *yet* the flaming Tempest hung on high,
 And the red Lightnings linger'd in the Sky, 1870
 The *Angel*, piteous, led him by the Hand,
 And snatch'd him from the *dire, obnoxious Land* ;
 So *Death* did BOULTER from thy Bosom tear,
 Lest *he* should *deprecate*, and *God* should *spare*.

AH ! too *content*, too *well-inclin'd*, to leave 1875
 This *wretched Isle*, and hasten to the *Grave* !
 Tho' *lov'd*, tho' *honour'd*, tho' by All *admir'd*,
 At the *first* Call, he from his Post *retir'd*.
 Yet, lovely *Shade*, I will not ask thee, Why
 Thou wast so fond to *leave us*, and to *die* ? 1880
 The *Guilty* view, with *Terror*, *Death's* pale Face ;
 And *shudder* at the *Monster's* cold Embrace :
Anxious for their approaching *Fate*, they *fear*,
 And *dreadful* strikes the *Summons* on their *Ear* !

Like drowning Wretches, 'midst the Flood they scream,

And, flound'ring, sink, *reluctant*, in the Stream !

Far otherwise the *Pious* meet their Death, 1887

Resign'd, and *pleas'd*, like *thee*, they yield their Breath;

Their Souls, rejoic'd, with *rising Ardour* swell,

And triumph in the Course they've run *so well* ! 1890

Smiling, they see the Body's swift *Decay*,

And prune their Wings to soar to *endless Day* !

To HIM, where center All their *Hopes*, they tend ;

And with *more* Force to that Great *Vortex* bend !

MEAN, grov'ling Minds, that *earthly* Treasures
With all their *varying* Objects *sink*, and *rise* : 1896

Great Souls, unchang'd, to kindred Heights aspire,

And speed tow'rds *Heav'n* with Joys that still rise
Streams, that depend upon our clouded Sky,

Are, as the *Seasons* alter, *full*, or *dry* : 1900

Or,

Or, swelling, *drive* their Waves; or, gorg'd with *Mud*,
 Roll, with *uncertain* Strength, the *varying* Flood.
 But those, which to *perennial* Fountains owe
 Their Source, redundant to the *Ocean* flow:
 With *growing* Depth they roll their watry Way, 1905
Enlarging still, as they approach the *Sea*:
 And so did his *great* Soul pursuē its Race;
 Long *Toils* but serv'd his *Glories* to increase;
 And, as he onwards drove his lengthen'd Course,
 Advanc'd, at once, his *Grandeur* and his *Force*. 1910
 Till Life's expanded *Flood* could spread no more,
 Sunk in an *Ocean* without *Bound* or *Shore*!

NAY, as his *Fall* approach'd, and *Life* declin'd,
 It not *depress'd*, but *higher* rais'd his Mind.
 Wing'd with new *Zeal*, with mounting *Ardour* fir'd,
 To meet its *God* th' allianc'd Soul aspir'd: 1916

Deriv'd from *Heav'n*, to *Heav'n*, inflam'd, it run;
 For *Planets* blaze the more when near the *Sun*!

OH! Wasted to your *native* Regions! where
 You rule some newly constellated Sphere! 1920

Shine *there!* for ever from this World remov'd!

With That Great BEING, whom you *serv'd* and *lov'd*!

Shine! and irradiate *Mortals*, that pursue

Your Steps, and run the Race to *Bliss* and *You*!

Tho' *small* the Remnant you have left behind, 1925

Bles'd with *your* Warmth of *Heart*, and Force of *Mind*;

Who languish in your *gen'rous* Tracks to tread,

And *greatly* emulate their BOULTER dead;

Yet, e'en of *these*, too *many*, who should strive

To keep expiring *Virtue* here alive; 1930

Who should *some* Features of your *Mind* retain,

And labour not to have been born in *vain*;

Into that Grave, which holds your *Ashes*, throw
 Their *dying Hopes of doing Good* below !

HERE, sad, they sigh, where *Virtue* pines alone !
 An *old, unportion'd Maiden*, woo'd by *none* ! 1936
 Amid the *Dregs of unbelieving Times*,
 Amid These *Nations* loaded with their *Crimes* ;
 Where *Heav'n's* Forgot, where *Faith*, and *Honour*,
Princes are serv'd for *Place*, and *God* for *Gold* ! 1940
 [Sold !
 Amid a Race to *ev'ry Vice* inflav'd ;
 Beyond the Force of *Remedies* deprav'd !
 They combat with an Age where *Merit's* scorn'd,
 And *Factions* rage, till with *her Spoils* adorn'd !
 Where *public Good* in *private Int'rest's* lost, 1945
 And *Heav'n's* Designs to *help us*, *loath'd*, or *crost* !
 Where, torn by *Parties*, we will scarce give Leave
 To *GOD* to *bless us*, or to *GEORGE* to *save* !

Where

Where nought, but *Pomp*, or *Pow'r*, or *Wealth*, is priz'd,
 And e'en Great BOULTER's gen'rous Heart *despis'd*!
 Without a *Bust*, * a *Vault*, a *Tomb*, a *Stone*, 1951
 To grace his *Name*, and make his *Glories* known!

YET here, tho' no proud † *Cenotaphs* appear,
 To shade thine *Urn*, and mark the *sabled Year*;
 Tho' neither sculptur'd *Obelisks* arise, 1955
 Nor *Columns* lift thine *Ashes* to the Skies;
 Tho' no *Ægyptian* Pyramids ascend,
 Thy dear Remains to honour, and defend;
 YET here ('tis *All* this wretched *Isle* can give)
 Thy *Name*, for ever *bless'd*, and *lov'd*, shall *live*! 1960
 That *Name*, which, when the Monuments of *Pride*
 Are bury'd with the moulder'd *Bones* they hide,

* He was privately interr'd in Westminster-Abbey.

† A Tomb or Monument, erected by the Ancients in Honour of the Deceased, tho' his Body was deposited elsewhere.

When their vain *Trophies* crumble into *Dust*,
 Our *Breasts* shall guard, enroll'd among the *Just* !
That Name, entomb'd within our *Hearts* shall lie,
 Nor perish, till the *Souls* of Men can *die* ! 1966

HERE *pause*, my Soul! (for sure, in ev'ry Line,
 These little *Breathings* of my *Zeal* are *thine*)

Here *stop*, content that thou my Heart hast *eas'd*,
 And this fond Monument to BOULTER rais'd. 1970

Nor be thou griev'd, that this enervate Lay,
 Owing so *much*, should yet so *little* pay.

For, know, what *thy* low Talents can't discharge,
 At God's great Doom *Angels* shall sing at large!

There Men shall *know*, and heav'nly Poets *tell*, 1975
 How much his Deeds all *human* Praise excel!

TILL that Great Day — dear to my faithful Heart,
 Take, BOULTER ! take this *little* Mite, in Part.
 Nor at this *mean*, this *short-liv'd* Verse repine,
 Since *Heav'n*, and its *eternal* Songs are *thine* ! 1980
 There, prais'd, and praising, ever-during Joys
 (Whose Transport never sinks, nor Rapture cloys)
 Enhance those *Virtues*, which, to *Millions* here,
 Have made thy venerable Name so *dear*.
 Oh ! till, with *Thee*, we can partake That Bliss, 1985
 Loving, and *lov'd*, be our last Parting *this* ;
 SOON MAY WE MEET ! — till *then*, great Saint, adieu !
 Secure, we'll know 'tis *Heav'n* by SEEING You !

HA ! mark ! what Gleam is that which paints the Air ?
 The blue Serene expands ! — Is BOULTER there ? 1990
 Yes ! yes ! — I see him rise, with Glory crown'd ;
 With Rays from *Heav'n*'s rich Wardrobe circled round !

Lo !

Lo ! where he darts resplendent from above,
 And smiles upon us with benignant Love !
 Rob'd fair, in White, behold th' angelic Shade. 1995
 In all the Majesty of *Saints* array'd !
 See ! see ! the radiant Wings that speed his Flight !
 Look ! *you* whose Eyes can bear *eternal Light* !
 West from the *Pleiads*, search the glowing Sky ;
 For Floods of Tears have dimm'd mine aching Eye !
 Near to their splendid Orb the Seraph sail'd; 2001
 And o'er the Lustre of the *Moon* prevail'd.
 Say, Is he *gone* ? Blind with the dazzling Blaze,
 Abash'd, I trembled on his Form to gaze !
 Dress'd in the Radiance of celestial Minds, 2005
 I saw him *gild* the *Clouds*, and *wing* the Winds :
 I saw the Glory of his Soul appear,
 Brighter *above*, than lov'd AUGUSTA here !

Brighter

Brighter than all the Charms that fill her Breast,

Fair as *she'll* shine herself among the Blest.

2016

Again! again! I spy him where he shines,

And *darkens* all the *Zodiac's* faded Signs!

Beauteous, as Heav'n's *Archangels* thron'd in Light,

He *sings*! he *soars*! — he's vanish'd from my Sight!

With a white Trail of Beams he marks the Skies, 2015

Blazing where *Suns* do neither *set* nor *rise*!

Where GOD's own Splendor gilds *un-ending* Days,

And fills all Orbs with *undiminish'd* Rays!

Oh! flown where *mortal* Eyes in vain pursue,

Never! ah *never*! to return! — *Adieu*!

2020

AND, * HOADLY! Thou ordain'd to fill his Post,
Born to *restore* whate'er in him we *lost*!

* *The present Primate; to whose generous Subscriptions, and Recommendations to others, the Author is bound to acknowlege the Establishment of Two little Schemes of his (which he hopes will be of some Use to his Country) is very much owing.*

Oh!

Oh! born to see Religion's *better* Days!

Oh! form'd to emulate his *deathless* Praise!

Accept these Lines, from *worldly* Motives free, 2025

Sprung from a Soul that loves *Mankind*, and *Thee*!

Accept them; and, by gaining Heav'n-born *Fame*,

Teach us to dwell the *less* on BOULTER's Name.

Already, in the Rolls of *Time*, I find

You the high Rival of his *Deeds* design'd: 2030

Who, daring to be *good* in this *bad* Age,

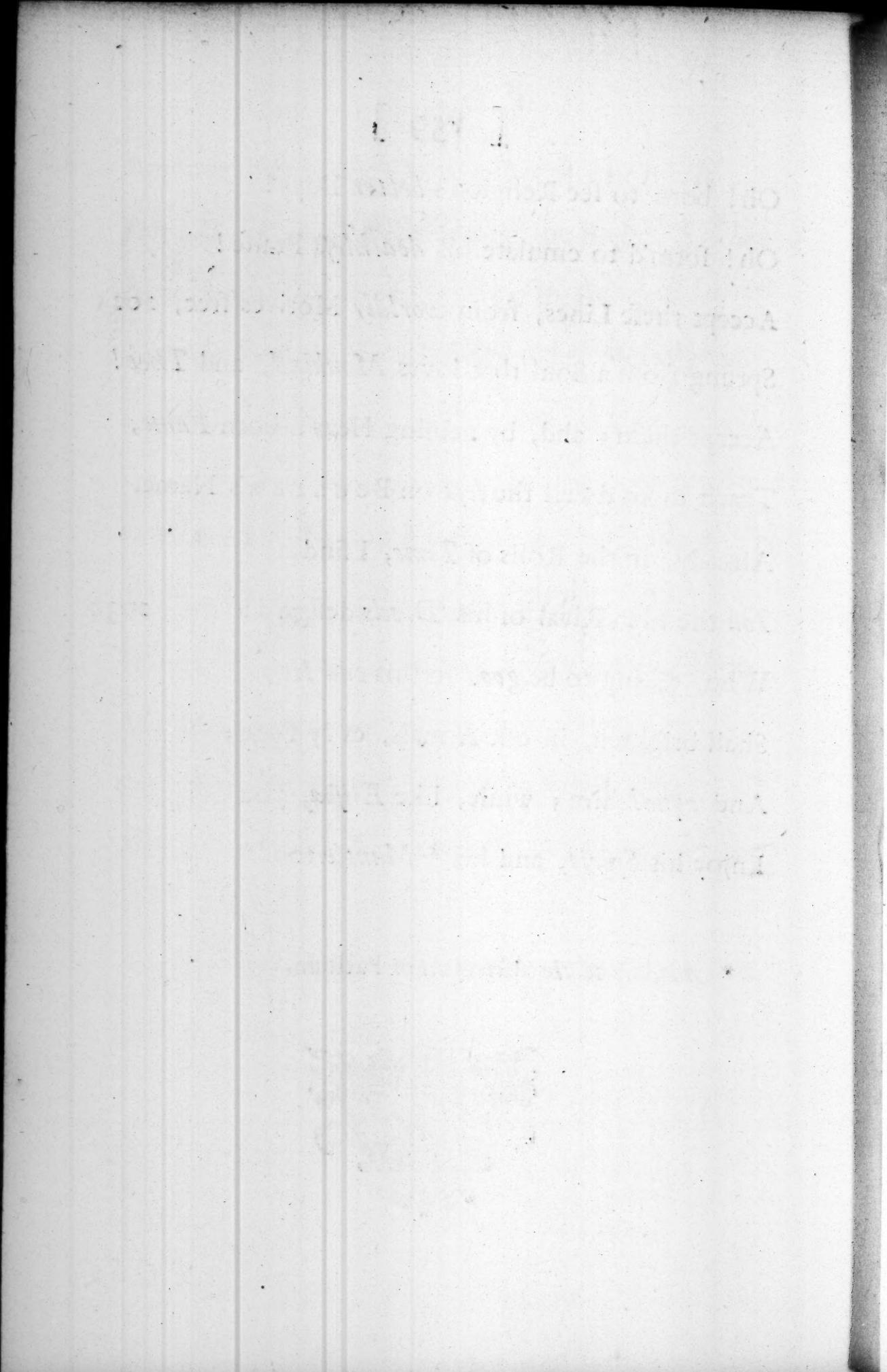
Shall brighten, in our Annals, ev'ry Page;

And *equal* him; while, like *Elisba*, you

Enjoy his *Spirit*, and his * *Mantle* too!

* Alluding to the Metropolitan Pallium.



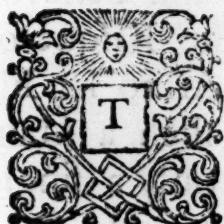




A

POSTSCRIPT

To the READER.



HO' this may be but an Appeal after Sentence given, yet the Author begs Leave to say something in Arrest of Judgment, before the Reader too severely condemns this Poem.

He wrote it with the same View that ought to influence the Whole of every Man's Conduct, as well as his Writing; *The Hope of doing some Good in the World*. And for That Reason, and that Reason solely, he would be glad to see its Errors either overlook'd, or observ'd with Candour.

He did not undertake it, without reflecting, That it would only be consider'd as a kind of illegitimate Issue of his Pen; and that, as he had, for a great Number of Years, laid aside Poetry for very different Studies, this Relapse into Rhyming would probably be

the less pardonable, as his long Discourse must have greatly sunk any little Talent that Way; in which, at best, he never could pretend to excell. — He well knew the Difficulty that even Mr. *Pope*, Dr. *Young*, and our most eminent Poets, had found in writing a Moral Poem so as to please: And that, above all others, a Moral Panegyrical Poem is the most arduous to the Writer, and, at the same time, the most nauseous to common Readers; who (for Reasons they best know) are but too apt to be delighted with *Satire*, and disgusted with *Praise*.

But the Truth is, the Love, the Honour, the Veneration, the Author had for the excellent Person who is the Subject of it, a due Sense of the vast Donations he heaped on a Kingdom much distress'd, and the Hope of stirring up others to copy his Virtues, and benevolent Mind; made him resolve to run the Risque of writing moderately in Poetry, rather than to let his *Country* or *himself* appear ungrateful to such a Man, and such a Benefactor, who deserv'd not only a single *Poem* to be writ on him, but even *Statues* and *Obelisks* to be rais'd to him.

As to the Faults of this Piece, he knows too well how few tolerable Poems of this sort have ever been written, and how many his Defects are, not to be firmly persuaded he has left great Room for Censure: For, to say nothing farther of the Want of Talents, which has too often appeared in this Performance, he had great Difficulties to struggle with from the Nature of the Subject, as well as the Novelty of the Attempt. The languid Stile and Manner, as well as the Barrenness and Boundaries, of Panegyric, must as necessarily deaden

deaden the Force and Current of a cautious Writer's Course, as a flat Country does that of its Rivers. Such an Author must ever make his Voyage with a secret Dread of that shelvy Shore, and be sensible of the Danger that surrounds him, if he gives himself too great a Loose; and must therefore pursue his Way with a very light and easy Sail. Not that Compositions of this sort are not sometimes to be allow'd (as *Horace* says of Comedy) to lift up the Voice, and rise in proportion to the Majesty of the Hero. And tho' all the great Scenes of War and Victory, of Crowns and Empires, of vast Designs, and high Attempts, were cut off from enlivening this Work; yet something has been attempted with a View to lift it above the common Level of such Pieces. After all, it must be confess'd, that it was leaping with Fetters, and was attended with Inconveniencies that are easier to be enumerated than remedied; and are therefore better forgotten than dwelt on.

However, as the Writer had much weightier Business on his Hands, and had neither Leisure or Skill sufficient to avoid or correct what was censurable, he expects his good Intention, in attempting so new and so difficult an Undertaking, may make a candid Reader pardon him; and as for his Praife, as he writes, (or hopes he writes) with other Views, he is no-ways sollicitous about it.

Among many more, there are Two great Defects, which may raise Prejudices against this Poem, without some tolerable Apology be made for them.

The first is, The Number of Lines in it; which an over-flowing Fondness in the Writer for his Subject has chiefly
 M 2 occasion'd;

occasion'd ; who did not enough consider, that the very Length of such a Work, like that of a Beam, makes it less able to bear the Weight that is laid on it.

It is to be hop'd, that it will not put that Fault in a worse Light to say, That, in Deference to the Reader, some Hundred Lines have been prun'd from it, that were not quite unpardonable, in order to lessen the Tedium of the panegyrical Part. And tho' the Machinery of the Muses, and the little Incidents of *Hibernia*, that were introduced with the same View, have increased the Bulk ; yet, as they have at the same time divided the Work into separate Parts, it is imagined they may have shortened the Road, as they serve for so many resting Places in the Way.

Another Prejudice that probably will lie against this Piece, is one which is yet more difficult to remove, as it is grounded on the Tempers of Men, and the very Nature of Things ; and that is, that it will hardly be believ'd there is any Foundation in Truth for such a Croud of great Qualities, and extraordinary Encomiums, as seem heap'd together on One Person in it.

The famous* *Pericles* remarks, on those who spoke Funeral Oration, That the Praise which the Hearers think Themselves capable of deserving, they will easily allow to Others ; but if it surpasses their own Merit, it raises their Envy and Incredulity, and they immediately pronounce it Fiction and Flattery. Many judicious Observers on Men and Manners have agreed in the same Reflection ; and it were easy to bring in

* Thucydides, lib. ii. p. 100.

† *Cæsar*, and § *Sallust*, and several great Names, to prove this, if it were not confirmed by the best of all Authorities, the Experience of the World, and the Knowledge of what passes in our own Hearts. Yet the Writer cannot help saying, That if any one thinks, that there are many things spoken too highly of this great Man, he believes he can offer some reasonable Apologies, which may greatly soften, if not intirely obviate that Objection.

In the first Place, we may consider, that in Works of this sort, which record the Praises of the Great, and lament their Loss, there is ever something of a Latitude indulged the Writer; and that, now-and-then, a Profusion, both of Thoughts and Expressions a little rais'd, is not only Allowable, but Necessary; and especially where it is highly deserved, and Truth is not injur'd. The Canonizing, as it were, of an eminent Personage, requires a modest Elevation of Words and Things, and a decent Range of Imagination, to heighten the Pomp of the Ceremony; and whatsoever enters There should be dress'd out in all the Cost and Dignity of Appearance that a religious Respect to the Dead can allow; and which, on less Occasions, would be extravagant and improper. A Croud of Images and *Simile's*, and an unaffected Splendour of Style (superior to what is used in Elegies) is sometimes both to be tolerated and expected on such uncommon Solemnities; and therefore the Author frequently aim'd at it, tho' unskilfully, and to a Fault; for he plainly

† *Cæsar de Bello Civili*, lib. ii. p. 196.

§ *Salust de Bello Catil.* p. 6.

finds, he had neither Art to manage, nor Abilities to furnish out the Expence.

It is hop'd, however, that the Reader will favourably consider any thing, that may, in his Opinion, appear too redundant or excessive on that Head, if he thus reflects on the Nature and Rules of this sort of Writing.

But, in the next Place, if he has a well-disposed Heart, and a good Mind, let him ask them, If any one can easily speak too much, or too highly, of so virtuous, so innocent, and every way so extraordinary a Person; who universally drew Love and Admiration from all that observ'd his Conduct, or knew his Character.

To lay aside all his other Excellencies, if we consider a Man spending a long Life in honouring his Maker, and doing Good to Men; If we see him adding great Funds to Hospitals of different Kinds; building and repairing several Churches; founding Eight large Almshouses; relieving, by known and secret Bounties, a great Number of private Families; doing Offices of Charity and Kindness to Crouds, who applied to him for Relief; feeding, for many Weeks, in a Famine, from 3 or 4 to 7 and 8 Thousand indigent Persons every Day, assisting the Imprison'd and the Sick, as well as the Starving; and leaving the Remains of his Fortune, when he died, to pious Uses (the Whole of his Donations making near 100,000*l.*); it may possibly seem sufficient not only to justify an affectionate Poet, but the severest Historian, in any Encomiums he could write on him.

The

The Author must add to all this, That what little Honour he has endeavour'd to pay him is still the more excusable, as it cannot be charged with the least Taint of interested Flattery, since he is dead; nor even with any little Views of private Gratitude for Obligations conferr'd; since, except the occasional Kindness of his Conversation or Correspondence, he never ask'd or receiv'd, and, what is much better, never wish'd for or wanted, the smallest Favour from him.

He thinks (as was said before) he had other and worthier Motives for this Performance: Tho', after all, he is so little satisfy'd with what he has done, that if he had been acquainted with one of his Relations or Intimates, who could have furnish'd him with proper Materials, he would much more gladly have written his Life, than have thrown his Panegyric on the Mercy of an Age, at War with every Virtue which HE lov'd, and run *mad* with *mean* but *furious Scrambles*, for that *Wealth* and *Power* which HE *scorn'd*.

I will make the Reader some amends for this long Detail in Prose, by a few Distichs of Mr. Waller's on an * *Irish Gentleman's Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry*; both as they explain the View I wrote with, and, at the same time, apologize for my making use of Verse, in handling such a Subject:

* *The Earl of Roscommon*

— *Verses* are the Charm we use,
 Heroic Thoughts, and Virtue, to infuse.
 Things of deep Sense we may in *Prose* unfold,
 But they move more, in *lofty Numbers* told.
 By the loud Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
 We learn, that *Sound*, as well as *Sense*, persuades.
 The Muse's Friend, unto *himself* severe,
 With silent *Pity* looks on all that err :
 But where a *brave*, a *public Action* shines,
That he rewards with his immortal Lines :
 Whether it be in *Council*, or in *Fight*,
 His *Country's Honour* is his chief Delight.
Praise of *Great Acts* he scatters, as a Seed
 Which may the like in coming Ages breed.

Reader, Farewell! — Be *happy*, and, to your Power,
DO GOOD like BOULTER.

F I N I S.

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